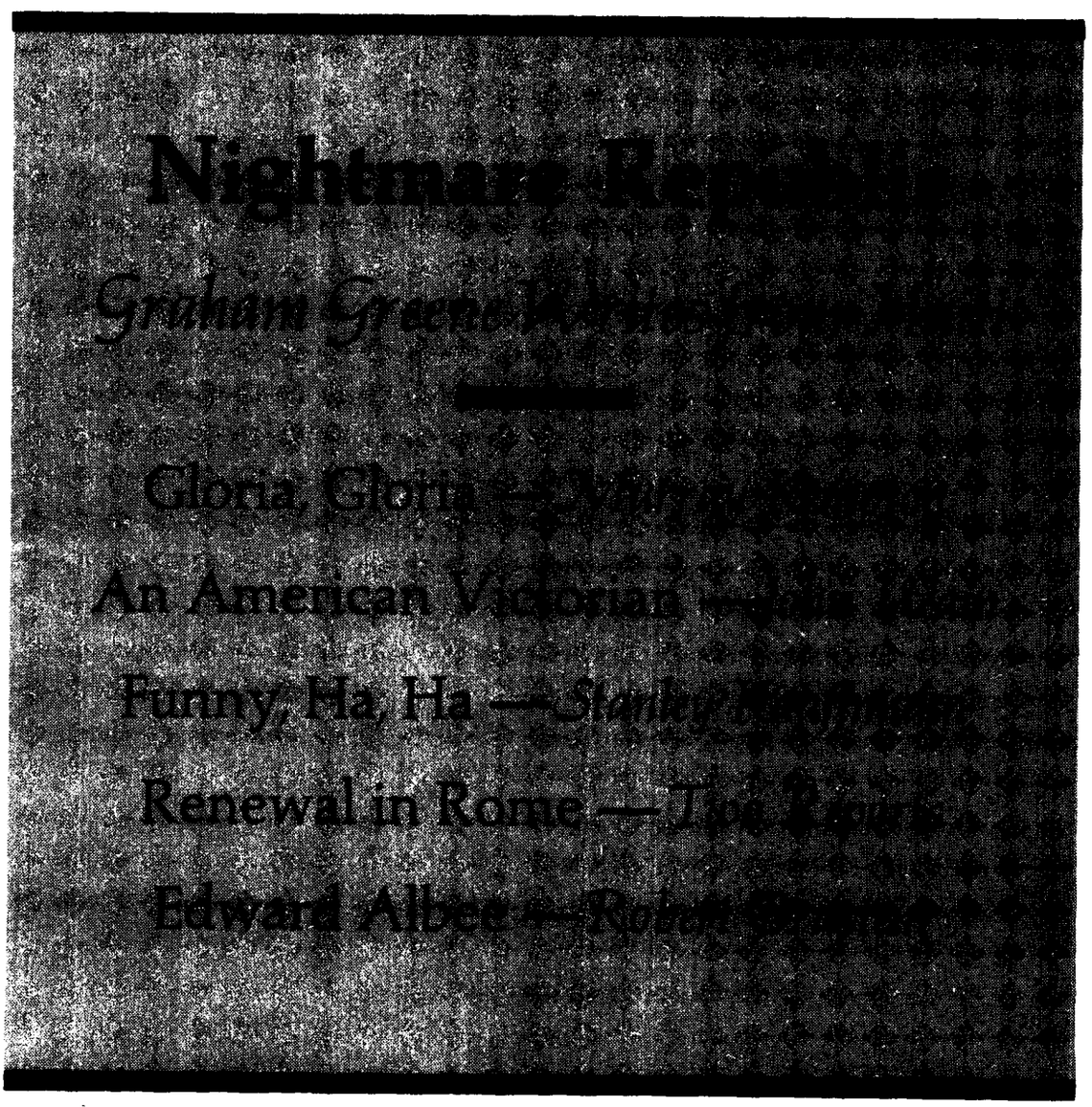
The Mood in Vietnam *Takashi Oka*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 16, 1963, 35 cents



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T.R.B. *from Washington*

How We Look

★ Suppose you could take a microslice of America today and put it under a slide 100 years from now, what would the historian note? The United States was the only industrial nation that did not have a comprehensive health insurance program for its people. The idea was still denounced as "Socialism," after that old creeping Socialist Emperor Franz Joseph, who introduced it in Austria in the 90's.

It was a nation with affluence and depression simultaneously. Three-fifths of the prosperous public considered buying a second car; another fifth had poverty (families with income under $4,000), another fifth deprivation (income under $6,000), and there were 12½ million utterly destitute.

Unemployment over 5 percent had continued for six years, and the government was less and less hopeful of a cure; in 1961 the "interim" goal was 4 percent by 1963, but in 1963 the Council of Economic Advisers hoped for 5 percent, by 1965 or 1966.

The dial in the growth rate meter pointed to "economic stagnation": only 2.8 percent growth in the 1953-1962 period. The growth rate of its rival, Russia, was at least twice that. However, this was not felt to be a threat because Russia suddenly had to use its gold to buy wheat, and this was interpreted as an economic "collapse," although the Soviet industrial splurge seemed to be continuing much as before. Russia has rammed its head again against the doctrinaire wall of collective farming where the cure seemed simple enough, any time it cared to take it. America clutched the same fond hope in the space race; Khrushchev said he wouldn't be hurried to the moon, and Congress almost instantly cut space appropriations.

Who controlled this happy land? There were two great power centers, Big Government and Big Business. The former was shamefaced and apologetic for being so big, like an overgrown boy, and leading citizens denounced it severely for its fault. Population jumped 3 million a year (it was taboo or illegal in many states to offer birth control information), but Congress gasped at the government budget which increased with the people. Even the President bowed to this entertaining myth. In a groping way Big Government often defended the public, but the critics argued that affairs could much better be turned back to the states, *i.e.*, that civil rights be turned back to Mississippi.

Don't Touch Us

★ If Big Government was under attack, what was the position of Big Business? Two examples help give the answer.

The single biggest employer in the city of Birmingham, Ala., was the gigantic US Steel Corporation, managed from Pittsburgh. Birmingham was filled with bombings against Negroes in the great racial upsurge which distinguished the period. (One bomb killed four 14-year-old Negro girls, dressed in their best at Baptist Sunday School and J. Edgar Hoover's famous FBI couldn't find the culprits and made no report.) Would Roger Blough, head of US Steel, use the economic influence of his company on behalf of civil rights in Birmingham? At a press conference Oct. 29, Mr. Blough recoiled from the idea as "repugnant to me personally." He said that to "attempt to exert any kind of economic compulsion to achieve a particular end in the social area seems to me quite beyond what a corporation should do."

Example No. 2 was similarly typical. Materialism and *laissez faire* were elevated into patriotic symbols. Back in the 20's the new mass medium of radio offered itself for the first time for commercial exploitation. In 1922 a Commerce Secretary named Hoover called it unthinkable that these facilities should be "drowned in advertising chatter." Forty years later William Henry, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, told a House subcommittee that commercial self-policing had failed; that the so-called industry "code" in 1948 proposed 12 minutes of commercial time an hour; that in 1963 it said 18 minutes, and that stations habitually exceeded this, up to as much as 30 minutes. For 35 years of Big Government as policeman, FCC has been saying that "over-commercialization" was bad, but in all that time it had failed to say what over-commercialization was.

In the atmosphere of this quaint era, the House subcommittee chairman (Rep. Rogers, D, Texas) denounced the FCC; not, interestingly enough, for failing to slap broadcasters down, but for presuming to think it could regulate them at all. Mr. Rogers proposed to amend the Communications Act to ban the FCC from prescribing standards for length or frequency of commercials. The public showed an amused interest in the matter.

This public detachment offers one of the most typical aspects and rewarding studies of the Affluent-Depression Era. The country elected a War Hero in 1952 and 1956, but from 1954 on gave him a Congress controlled by rivals. In 1960 it elected another President in a virtual tie-vote, and left him with a Congress indifferent to his requests. No clear mandate came to Washington from the voters for a dozen years.

Emotions were occupied in this period with fears abroad; ambitions, with acquiring goods at home. Bemused between two rivals, Big Government and Big Business, an anxious, wealthy nation was content with the second-best. Chronic unemployment became accepted, and a kind of underclass seemed to be forming, composed of the invisible poor. Crime increased and churches thundered against it. Only in one sector was there pressure for reform, and this came from the Negroes.

★ *Politics:* Last week's elections discounted rumors of a Northern white "revolt" against racial reforms. . . . Rockefeller, we thought, made a simple, dignified announcement. . . . We feel his candidacy doomed, and are sorry: his attack pushes JFK left, Barry right.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 149 Number 20 Issue 2556 November 16, 1963*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 36, D. C. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address. Copyright© 1963 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.

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Vietnam–New Start

The House of Ngo, praised until a few weeks ago as a stalwart defender of Freedom, died as it had lived – by violence and treachery. If the present account of the death of Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Nhu is correct, they had fled their underground dugout through a secret passage and, allegedly disguised as priests, had taken refuge in a church, from which they were to rally pro-Diem forces outside the city. When recognized by rebellious troops and arrested, they sought to sway them in their favor. When it became apparent that they would fail, the two brothers taunted their captors with the worst insult they could think of in their dire straits: not that their captors, by overthrowing the Ngo government were playing the game of the Vietnamese Communists, but that they were "the puppets of the Americans." In a rage, the Vietnamese officer who escorted them shot Diem, while Nhu, already badly beaten, was stabbed with a bayonet. Thus, the regime, as it faltered, went full circle: like the Viet-Cong whom it fought, it cursed the United States.

The *coup* opens the way for a reappraisal of when and how the US can disengage militarily without abandoning South Vietnam to the Communists. The alternatives now are either fighting on and on in the elusive pursuit of military "victory" at any cost, or the stabilization of Southeast Asia even if that requires talking to Hanoi. A secondary consequence of the *coup* is that it obliges us to admit that there are two kinds of military putsches: "bad" ones which have not received Presidential encouragement; "good" ones which enjoy such sanction. The effect of that on would-be military dictators from Togo to Honduras will bear watching.

With the exception of a few outright stooges, the Vietnamese civilian administration (unchanged, to a large extent, from colonial days) will continue its work unpurged; and the Vietnamese Army stands solidly with the *coup* leaders. It apparently had been so disloyal to the regime that it stood in great danger of falling apart had Ngo continued in office for any length of time. For that latter statement we have the say-so of the senior Vietnamese rebel officers, who are perhaps unaware that hardly three weeks ago Secretary McNamara and General Maxwell D. Taylor had reported to the President that the vagaries of the Saigon regime "had not yet affected" the military effectiveness of the Vietnamese armed forces.

So the cha-cha, the twist, and contraceptives – the ban on which had been Mme. Nhu's own contribution – are now permitted. Democracy is not, of course, just around the corner; whatever the façade of

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civilian rule, the Generals will have the last word. The end of the Ngo regime does not mean either that the Viet-Cong has lost its combativeness or its appeal to large segments of the population. Nevertheless, the situation is not what it was – on either side. With Diem in power, the Communists knew that all the long-run chances were on their side. Now, confronted with a more efficient, less despotic, and hopefully (to use Senator Mansfield's excellent word), a Vietnamese government that is more "responsive" to popular feelings, the Viet-Cong will have to choose between stepping up the war or making peace. So will the US.

Saigon's Mood Is a Mixture of Euphoria and Disquiet

Saigon

The future is bright with possibilities, yet there has been no explosion of popular joy on the scale witnessed in South Korea after student demonstrations toppled Syngman Rhee. Friends congratulate each other on streets, then wonder aloud what the new military leaders are going to do.

In part, the restrained tone of Saigon comment arises from the fact that, after all, a cruel brother-fight-brother war is still going on in the countryside against Communist guerrillas, mainly recruited from indigenous peasants though stiffened with *cadres* from the north. Despite massive American assistance this war is far from being won.

At the same time, for all its talk about "democracy and freedom," the regime itself has done little yet to rouse popular enthusiasm or to implant the conviction that it seeks revolutionary change from the authoritarian paternalism of the Ngo family. Major General Duong Van Minh, 47-year-old chairman of the Military Revolutionary Council, has the instincts and presence that could give him mass appeal. He is big, hearty, approachable – a good soldier. But his politics are unknown, and there's some concern that his French colonial training and background may induce him to rely on similarly French-trained bureaucrats and junior officers whose minds run in grooves formed in the Indochina War.

Several other generals enjoy varying degrees of popularity, either because of their ability as soldiers or because of their role in the anti-Ngo uprising. Major General Tran Van Don, Minister of Defense, is considered a first-rate field commander. Still, there isn't much enthusiasm for generals as a group, and there has been unfavorable comment within the regime itself over promotions many generals gave themselves the day after the uprising, when the Ngo brothers had not yet surrendered and when, in the words of a junior officer, "soldiers killed in fighting hadn't yet been buried."

There was a curious sequence of events on November 2, 3 and 4 involving the generals and the respected labor leader Tran Quoc Buu, president of the 350,000 member Vietnamese Confederation of Christian workers. Buu ardently supported the uprising and intended to hold a mass rally on November 2 to cheer the military leaders on. But the generals asked him to cancel the rally. The next day, November 3, Buu was arrested shortly after talking with the AFL-CIO representative Ed Wilson. (Buu had just accepted an invitation to visit the AFL-CIO convention.) Ambassador Lodge made vigorous representations to the generals who claimed Buu had been kidnapped by unknown persons; a radio appeal was broadcast for those with knowledge of his whereabouts. On the evening of the 4th, Buu was located in a villa belonging to Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu's now defunct Women's Solidarity Movement. He was released with apologies and the official version is that he was kidnapped by persons posing as military officers. He had in fact been arrested on orders of Brigadier General Tran Tu Oai, then Director of Psychological Warfare for the Army and now Minister of Information in the provisional government.

The most responsible generals are well aware that the Military Revolutionary Council's collective powers might be abused by individuals seeking to settle old grudges. They have showed themselves exemplarily lenient towards most members of the Ngo government. But many Saigon citizens consider forgiveness of the past is carried too far when the very same individual whom the Ngo brothers nominated as a military governor of Saigon after their crackdown on Buddhist pagodas August 21 is appointed to the same position after the success of the November uprising. It is generally admitted that this individual, Major General Ton That Khinh, played a key role in unseating the Ngo regime, but that's no reason, many Vietnamese say, to accord him a position which can only reawaken popular memories of student arrests and Buddhist repression.

The US, which is expected to resume interrupted economic aid soon, is in a delicate position. It vehemently denies having participated in the *coup;* it doesn't want to give the impression it is trying to dictate policies. Nonetheless, what the US does at the beginning of the regime, when the whole tone and style of work are relatively fluid, is most important. Many Vietnamese are calling for Washington to take an unequivocal position, not only regarding prosecution of the anti-Communist war, but regarding the kind of government it wants to see take root and flower in South Vietnam.

Takashi Oka

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Wheat for Russia

If it is a little awkward for some Democrats to defend the sale of wheat to Russia against constituent cries of "trafficking with the enemy," it must be galling for Chairman Khrushchev to have to administer a transfusion of gold to the international monetary system as the price of avoiding bread rationing.

At his recent press conference Mr. K blandly admitted that there is a wheat shortage in the Soviet Union this year, adding that he was reluctant to impose unnecessary hardships on the Soviet people as the only alternative to buying wheat in capitalist markets. Yet just three days later a senior Soviet official, Grishin, told the Trades Union Congress that "as a result of the completion of the agricultural year our grain resources will be adequate to satisfy fully the requirements of the population." Similar contradictions are apparent in earlier Soviet pronouncements. On September 26, the day when Khrushchev first made public, at Krasnodar, Soviet purchases of wheat in Canada and Australia, his Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Nazarenko, was dismissing reports of a grain shortage as "nonsense."

Khrushchev's reputation, if not the security of his position, is by now heavily mortgaged in the success or failure of his targets for steadily rising agricultural production. Despite frequent reorganizations and dismissals, and countless hectoring addresses to farmers throughout the country, this year's cereals harvest is stated to be at about the 1959/1960 level – in other words, some 130 million tons, compared with 147 million last year and approximately 158 million tons expected for this year. After having run down stocks over the past five years, the shepherd from Kalinovka faces a harvest some 11 million tons less than in 1958 – the previous record year – with about 18 million more mouths to feed.

Both of Khrushchev's proposed remedies for the bread shortage – buying North American and Australian wheat, and planning for a massive increase in production of artificial fertilizers – must be unpalatable to many Soviet planners. Financing the wheat purchases will be a heavy drain on Soviet gold reserves, which are estimated by informed observers to be little greater than Britain's – say $4,000 million. So far this year $400 million of Soviet gold has been sold in Western Europe, or about twice the average of the past few years, and further sales are in prospect. Consequently, imports of many industrial goods will have to be suspended or reduced; and within the past two weeks businessmen from West Germany, Italy and Denmark have been told to come back to Moscow with their offers in a year's time. Such an unforeseen curtailment of imports is a grave inconvenience in any centrally-planned economy, for it necessitates the recasting of countless plan targets; moreover, unilateral action of this kind diminishes the attractiveness of long-term contracts – the very feature of Soviet foreign trade that is vaunted as its chief advantage.

But it is the long-term remedy prescribed by Mr. Khrushchev which is likely to create the most resentment among the planners. His proposals for the sudden development of the relatively backward Soviet chemicals industry so as to raise output of artificial fertilizers from the 20 million tons gross weight expected this year to 100 million tons in 1970 (as against comparable US current production of 35 million) have, from his point of view, two disadvantages: they amount to a tacit avowal of the failure of his expensive policy of ploughing up vast tracts of Siberia and Kazakhstan as an insurance against poor harvests in the Ukraine; and they reopen at an awkward time the intermittent debate on whether a true Marxist is ever entitled to tamper with the ineluctable priority of heavy industry. Expansion of the chemicals industry on the scale envisaged (and about to be debated by a special plenary session of the party central committee later this month) will mean an abrupt reorientation of investment resources from ferrous metallurgy and heavy engineering, with a consequent downward revision in the planned rates of growth of these branches. The alternative – a steep increase in imports of chemicals plant and equipment – has been ruled out by the selling of gold for wheat.

In the past, harvest failures have sometimes been the harbinger of sweeping changes in Soviet economic policy. The bread shortage of 1921 was the occasion for the introduction of the New Economic Policy; that of 1927 precipitated forced collectivization. Circumstances have changed since then, and it remains to be seen whether this year's harvest troubles will be so pregnant in consequences; meantime, they lend credibility to an anecdote circulating in Eastern Europe: there are, it is said, only four insuperable obstacles to the success of Communism – spring, summer, autumn and winter.

According to Color

The average annual money income of an employed Negro male in this country is $3,000, about 60 percent that of the average employed white male. This substantial difference reflects in part lower educational attainments or other cultural handicaps of the Negro. But if these handicaps were eliminated, would the gap be closed? The evidence suggests that it would not – that perhaps as much as one-half to two-thirds of the differential is attributable directly to discrimination because of color. On a nationwide basis the Negro male with a high school education averages $4,000, while the white male with the same schooling averages $5,700 or over

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40 percent more. This differential is pervasive across the United States and through every occupation. In many areas, of course, a Negro high school graduate may not have acquired the same skills as a white with a high school diploma; the shortchanging of Negro schools, both in the North and the South, could account for that. But it does not account for the shameful fact that the average Negro unskilled worker with a high school diploma earns about as much as a white with a seventh grade education.

Sparring on the Autobahn

The day the nuclear test-ban treaty went into force, a US convoy with 25 passengers (drivers excepted) was held for 51 hours by Soviet military personnel on the *autobahn* to Berlin. Six days later, a British convoy was delayed for nine hours. The flag of allied solidarity had to be shown, and on October 29, the US, UK, and France orally informed Soviet military missions in West Germany of allied traffic procedures that would henceforth be followed: In the event of more than 30 passengers, the troops could dismount for count by the Russians; also truck tailgates higher than three feet could be lowered for inspection. The Soviets responded on November 4, by detaining a US convoy with 20 passengers for 41 hours, before allowing it to proceed.

Formally protesting on November 6, the three Western powers reaffirmed their "right of unresticted access" and pointed out that "the arbitrary nature of this unjustified Soviet action is emphasized by the very different treatment accorded on November 5 to closely similar British and French convoys, despite the fact that the procedures followed by these convoys were identical to the procedures followed by the American convoy." Further reference was made to "established procedures" followed up to now on the *autobahn*. This phrase, "established procedures," was used by Premier Khrushchev too, and on the same day, to justify the the blocking tactics of his armored tanks November 4.

The Western version is that the Russians have a *duty* deriving from the defeat of Germany in World War II to assure unimpeded access, but that, as a convenience to the Soviets, the Western allies will cooperate in working out whatever technical traffic problems might arise. The Russians, contrarily, intend to reserve their right to regulate traffic their way. The argument becomes, therefore, not so much one of principle (and certainly neither side wants it to become an argument between battling armies), but of prestige. The Russians say: "You pass by our leave"; the allies reply: "We travel by right, not suffrance."

The counting of heads is not new. Six days after the wall went up in Berlin, Vice President Lyndon Johnson flew to that city to deliver an assurance, once more, that the US would not desert it. A military review of US forces, scheduled for that day, October 19, was to include a battle group of the 18th Infantry Regiment that had been dispatched to Berlin from West Germany. En route, the convoy was stopped and requested to turn out its men. It did so (no high policy seemed at stake), largely to expedite the troops' arrival in Berlin on time. Several months later, an East German newspaper published a picture of these Americans being counted "to qualify for access" – an interpretation congenial to Khrushchev but unacceptable here. These competing interpretations remain unreconciled.

Why does Mr. Khrushchev choose this moment to erode what little public confidence had been developing in the possibility of an East-West detente? The *autobahn* harassments are, to be sure, consistent with the Soviet objective of getting the allies out of Berlin. They may also be designed to test how much the Kennedy Administration is willing to pay for a relaxation of tensions. Or could this be Khrushchev's way of mollifying his unhappy fellow Communists in East Germany who, having waited so long and in vain for that peace treaty and for the drawing of all Berlin into their orbit, might be thinking of talking things over with the Chinese Communists?

Bobby Baker Revisited

Five weeks have gone by since Robert G. Baker, known to the Pickens, S. C., press as Bobby Gene Baker 21 years ago when he was 14 and had just been appointed a Senate page boy, handed up his resignation as Secretary to the Majority of the Senate of the United States.

Bobby Baker was legatee of all that Lyndon Johnson had learned about the care, the feeding and the training of United States Senators and few of his lions wanted to see him go. Even so they had to accept his resignation; no one could offer any honorable explanation how a young man born poor could live a life with no visible means of support outside the Senate and rise to a Dun and Bradstreet credit rating of half-a-million dollars.

The Senate also voted, since it was suddenly under inspection, to conscript its Rules Committee to examine the affairs of Robert Baker and draw some lessons for the future conduct of its staff members. The press has cried unto the number of their hairs, if not of deeds of darkness, at least, of any implication imaginable about the conduct of the young ladies who loved and sang in Bobby Baker's society. The original point about Bobby Baker was that he had been a young man in an especially powerful position in the Senate family, who was accused of having extracted rich rewards from aerospace contractors dependent on the favor of government.

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That point had been forgotten for chasing after call girls. There ought to be if there is not a Marxist rule that, when the rich get caught, they distract the poor by changing the subject to sex.

The Senate Rules Committee has gone about its business with a care to protect, if not the innocent, at least the irrelevant, which is a model for Congressional investigations. It is hard not to believe that the Senate is protecting its own; still the effort to believe that it is not should be made. By all reports Senator Jordan of North Carolina, the Rules Committee chairman, has so far faced and handsomely overcome two serious temptations to bury the Baker case.

Three of the four Democrats on his committee argued with Jordan that the matter of Robert Baker might best be put over to the Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections, whose chairman, Carl Hayden, could be trusted to perform like a Nanny asked to judge the smallest child in the nursery. Jordan resisted that and kept the matter in the full committee. There arose next the question of a staff to conduct the investigation. Most regular Senate staff members are servants; if any one of them is called to study the conduct of another servant, there are only two conceivable results: he will either be disgraced in public for covering up or destroyed in private for having blown the whistle. A man who expects to live out his life in the world cannot survive public disgrace; a man who expects to live out his life on the Senate payroll cannot risk private destruction.

We are at a moment when the Senate is particularly unqualified to examine itself. It must call in some counsel who will come to Washington with no expectation or desire ever to come back. The long silence of the Rules Committee has covered more than anything else a quarrel among its members about (1) whether the rites should be performed and the issue avoided by one of the family, or (2) whether an outsider must be found to do the job unconscious of who might suffer. The Committee voted last week at Everett Jordan's urging to find an outside counsel. While he is being selected and while he comes down and tries to study his case, there will be a long official silence and complaints the case is being covered up. Those complaints, if incorrect in substance, are understandable in origin; if the Baker affair means anything, it is that the United States Senate has conducted itself in no fashion which earns it the right to have its silence accepted on trust.

But still, the best that can be said about the deliberation with which the Rules Committee has moved is that Everett Jordan has used his time to elevate the Senate's investigation of itself to a point where its outcome can now be described as unpredictable. If he had permitted his committee to move in haste, the results would have been depressingly predictable. M. K.

Civil Rights, as Amended

A new omnibus civil rights bill, presumably assured of passage in the House, has been substituted for the original Administration proposal, and there is some respite now from headline vacuities about "harder" and "softer," "weaker" and "stronger" versions. The Administration is satisfied, though it would have preferred, and rightly so, its own draft. The truth of the matter is that, judged by relevant standards, but with one important exception, the original Administration bill was better than the current agreed substitute. (Whether it had a better or poorer chance of enactment, I don't know.)

The one big plus in the new version is an Equal Employment Opportunities Commission. This is what used to be proposed under the name of FEPC. The Administration bill went a good way toward achieving the same objective with respect to government contractors, and in some measure also, perhaps, with respect to private employers, though in the latter case only by offering mediation and conciliation services. The new provision is excellent. It applies to all substantial employers, labor unions and employment agencies in interstate commerce, and to hiring, discharge, membership, referral, classification, segregation and promotion practices. It establishes the Commission as a bipartisan administrative agency, and charges it to attempt informal mediation and persuasion whenever a complaint is brought to its attention. Such attempts having failed, the Commission may go to court for an order prohibiting the practice complained of. Court orders may require the reinstatement or hiring of employees with back pay. This is very similar to the remedy now available to an employee whose discharge is found to have been an unfair labor practice under the National Labor Relations Act.

The two biggest minuses in the new version are the omissions of the Administration bill's provisions for federal voting referees and for a Community Relations Service. Voting referees, to be appointed by federal courts in duly safeguarded circumstances and to be empowered, in effect, actually to register Negroes qualified under state law, could significantly speed up the laborious process of enfranchizing Southern Negroes. The Administration bill provided that applications for the appointment of referees, or for an order from the court itself registering a Negro as a voter, were to be heard within 10 days of being filed, and that failure by any state official to permit a person who had been granted federal registration in this fashion to vote would be automatically punishable as a contempt of court. To be sure, nothing is foolproof against determined resistance, especially by the few unsympathetic federal judges who sit in the South. Yet this could have been a

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highly effective device and should have been retained.

The omission also of any provision for a Community Relations Service is entirely inexplicable. As set up by the original Administration bill, the service was to be an agency without prosecutorial functions, required to operate in confidence and without publicity. Its mandate was as broad as the problem. It was "to provide assistance to communities and persons therein in resolving disputes . . . relating to discriminatory practices based on race . . . which impair the rights of persons in such communities under the Constitution or laws of the United States or which affect or may affect interstate commerce." (And let it be noted that this would have included employment problems.) Before bringing suit to enforce the public accommodations title of the act, the Attorney General was to give the Community Relations Service an opportunity to secure voluntary compliance. Thus the highly fruitful activities of the Assistant Attorney General, Burke Marshall, and other government officials this past summer and before, by way of prodding, conciliating, mediating and the like, which succeed, when they do, more spectacularly, more speedily and more enduringly than can any lawsuit – these activities were to be organized and institutionalized. Realistically, more was to be looked for by way of palpable results, both immediately and in the long run, from the efforts of such a Community Relations Service than anybody with any sense of the pace and hazards of litigation ought to expect from lawsuits.

Finally, two relatively more detailed points. The Administration draft, as is customary with major new departures in federal legislation, included some general policy declarations. These are useful to the courts in the task of interpretation, and they are a way, even if symbolic, of committing Congress and the nation – for we live by symbols, as Holmes liked to say, and we value continuity. The new version omits them.

The public accommodations title is not significantly altered in substance; it is simply a worse job of draftsmanship, and likely to give more trouble in both administration and adjudication. That notorious boarding house of Mrs. Murphy's is now clearly excepted. Where the Administration bill saved to all persons whatever additional remedies may be available under state statutes or ordinances forbidding discrimination in public establishments or accommodations, the new version saves only those local remedies which are "not inconsistent with this title." This may be well-intentioned, but it is ill-advised. State statutes are often held "inconsistent" under provisions worded in this fashion, not only when they command something different than does the federal law, but also when they go farther in the same direction as the federal statute. And so a body of existing state law is needlessly endangered.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

Russell Long's Tax Plan

A note in *The New Republic* of October 26 comments briefly but favorably on Senator Russell Long's proposal to permit upper-income taxpayers to forego the use of various special tax provisions and, instead, have all their income taxed at a flat 40 or 50 percent tax rate. The Louisiana Senator, now the Number Two Democrat on the Finance Committee, has suggested that taxpayers be given this option: either they can continue to avail themselves of the various exemptions, exclusions and deductions allowed by the tax laws, and use the regular tax rates (up to 91 percent under present law, up to 70 percent under the House-passed tax bill); or they can forego these provisions and have their *total* income (minus personal exemptions and business expenses) taxed at the flat rate of 40 percent on the first $50,000 of income ($100,000 for married couples) and a flat 50 percent on all income over that. These are flat rates, not graduated rates beginning, at present, at 20 percent and, under the House bill, at 14 percent.

A taxpayer choosing this optional method would, under most circumstances, have to stick with it for five years. If he did, he would have to forego all his personal deductions (medical, charitable, taxes, interest, alimony, etc.). He would pay taxes on the interest on his state and local bonds (now tax-free) as well as contributions made on his behalf to profit-sharing and pension plans (also currently tax-free). He would give up the advantages of a fast write-off of his oil drilling expenses, and his mineral depletion allowances would be limited to his original cost. Special exemptions for the aged and the blind would be ruled out. He could no longer exclude, for tax purposes, half of his long-term capital gains – although this proviso is rendered virtually meaningless because he could still elect to have his capital gains taxed at the present maximum rate of 25 percent (or at 21 percent, if the lower rate contained in the House bill becomes law).

In defense of his plan, Senator Long points to startling disparities in the taxes paid by upper-income taxpayers. Citing examples taken from actual tax returns, he points to one taxpayer with a total income of $1.6 million paying only 11 percent of his income in taxes, while another with less than a fifth as much income ended up paying 61 percent of it in taxes. An even more striking comparison is that of *B*, with roughly $600,000 of income, paying 75 percent of it to the government, while *A*, with more than twice the income, paid just two one-hundredths of one percent in taxes.

Senator Long is disturbed by the inequity of "some taxpayers not pay[ing] nearly enough" but he is equally concerned that "others pay too much." He quotes a "responsible official of the Treasury Department" (who could well have been Secretary Dillon, in light of his

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favorable comments on the Long proposal before the Finance Committee) as saying "that any unfortunate person who actually [pays] 50 percent of his income in federal taxes deserved a friend. I should like," says Senator Long, "to be that friend."

But Mr. Long is also concerned with the inordinate complexity of the entire tax system and hopes that, in time, his plan can be extended to include everyone with incomes greater than $10,000.

Statistics cited by Senator Long illustrate how successful top-income taxpayers have been in avoiding the effects of the supposedly "confiscatory" tax rates. Treasury Department figures (1959) on those with total incomes of more than $5 million, for example, show that these multimillionaires paid, typically, less than 24 percent of their income in taxes. "It is time," Long says, "we begin to reduce the premium enjoyed by the taxpayer who has tax lawyers and accountants to show him ways to avoid paying taxes to his . . . government."

The trouble is, the Senator's plan does not in any way lessen the premium enjoyed by the well-heeled and well-counseled taxpayer. The "Mr. A" mentioned above, who contrived to pay just two-hundredths of one percent of his $1.2 million income, would continue to have every opportunity – and every incentive – to avail himself of the tax preferences he now exploits so successfully. In fact, Senator Long himself estimates that three-fourths of those with incomes over $100,000 have succeeded in reducing their tax burdens to such an extent that his optional plan would not attract them.

And why, it may be asked, should the lower-tax option be confined to well-to-do? Why shouldn't it be equally available to *all* taxpayers who are not in a position to use the "loopholes" – such as, for example, the seven million unmarried taxpayers who file the so-called "short form" return, and for whom the only tax preferences are the personal exemption and the standard deduction? Thus, Senator Long's plan is not only top-heavy, but distinctly one-sided. While he is concerned about the peaks and valleys in the taxes paid by the well-to-do, his plan merely chops off the peaks without filling in the valleys. Some would get tax relief, but no one would have to give up any advantages now enjoyed.

This is the short-run effect of the Long plan, and it is certain. Balanced against this are the long-run hopes for it, but these are wholly speculative. Mr. Long, for example, implies that a lower-tax option for top-bracket taxpayers would make it easier for Congress to chip away at those tax preferences that have been sold on the basis of the "confiscatory" top-bracket rates, or, at the least, stiffen Congress' resistance for new pleas of that nature. He says by way of illustration, that his own vote in favor of executive stock options (which he now regrets) was motivated by the feeling that executives should not be subjected to the 80 to 90 percent tax rates provided in the law. Were a lower-tax option available, he seems to reason, he and other like-minded Senators could more easily ward off special pleaders by pointing to this simple means of reducing their tax to less than half their total income.

Some allow their hopes to go further. One Treasury official says it is not inconceivable that the Long plan might one day be transformed from an option to a universally applicable tax system in which everyone's total income (after business expenses) would be subject to tax, but at far lower rates than at present. The public and Congress would supposedly be persuaded to this point of view by the basic fairness of the top rates – even the richest man could keep half his income for his own use – so why clutter up the law with a lot of complexities and tax-avoidance gimmicks?

Even if these hopes turn out to be whistling in the dark, the pro-Long argument runs, the cause of tax reform will be no worse off than it is now, in view of the consistently dismal fate suffered by most "loophole closing" efforts (*viz.*, the battering the House has just given the Kennedy reform proposals). Since the frontal assault on the loopholes has failed, so the reasoning goes, reform-minded legislators have an obligation to search for a new approach; they should not reject the Long proposal out of hand.

If the plan were intended as the first step toward a universally applied system – taking effect at a specified future date – rather than an alternative option, it would be intensely appealing; for, broadly applied, it comes very close – with two caveats discussed below – to realizing the dream of most tax theorists, of a uniform tax system that has no regard for either the source of income or its use. But to transform the Long plan from an option to universal system would require some to give up precious present benefits. And as Senator Long acknowledges, it is this – the intensely concentrated power of these few beneficiaries – that has made the cause of tax reform so hopeless in the past. Why should it be any different in the future?

Even as a universal tax system, the Long plan suffers two major defects: it continues marital income-splitting, which grants unwarranted tax preferences to the married taxpayers of the country (and, contrary to general belief, this preference can be ended without reverting to the community-property chaos that existed prior to 1948); it also continues the vastly preferential tax treatment of capital gains, and thus perpetuates the greatest single cause of inequity and complexity in the tax system. Ask, for example, how the over-$5-million taxpayers manage to pay less than a fourth of their incomes in taxes, and you will find the reason in the 25 percent capital-gains tax, which applies to more than two-thirds of these multimillionaires' incomes.

PHILIP M. STERN

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FOREIGN REPORTS

BRITISH GUIANA: *Jagan's Future*

★ The three leading political lights of British Guiana have been sent home from a conference in London with instructions from Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Commonwealth Minister, to hold elections next summer before independence can take place. Cheddi Jagan, the prime minister and leader of the People's Progressive Party (Indian); Forbes Burnham, head of the People's National Congress (Negro), and Peter d'Aguiar, of the United Force (multi-racial conservatives) had agreed to abide by whatever decision Sandys might reach in breaking a deadlock on a new electoral system.

It has always been Jagan's aim to gain independence before elections, because, his detractors claim, he came to office in rigged balloting and with the British gone could rearrange the electoral methods to suit his taste.

Jagan's enemies, which include the US along with Burnham and d'Aguiar, hope he now can be beaten. D'Aguiar and Burnham are likely to hark on Guiana's sluggish economy which coupled with severe unrest, violence and property damage of the past two years will have tarnished Jagan's popular image sufficiently to cause a significant shift in popular sentiment. This is a long-shot theory, however.

Jagan's political strength is among the Indian sugar workers. In addition to a natural admiration for one of their own, they have been little touched by the rampant destruction that has swept the towns and cities. For the most part, they are well fed and adequately clothed. Sugar is bringing record prices on the world market, and this certainly will be reflected in the workers' increased income. Jagan's strength is secure here. Where he is in trouble is in the marginal districts – half-urban, half-rural, racially divided and economically depressed – which he won by small majorities two years ago.

Almost certainly Jagan could not capture an absolute majority of the 35-seat National Legislature today; but with solid support in the rural constituencies, his control of the government as leader of the largest party is in little danger from any election next year.

The issue of Communist influence has almost no impact outside of Georgetown, the capital, and it is used exclusively by Jagan's opposition foes to embarrass the government abroad.

UNITED NATIONS: *Overtures to Peking*

★ Africans at the UN do not regard the Ivory Coast's recent acquisition of a two-year term on the Security Council as satisfying their longer range aspirations for more representation on the Council. They talk of wanting two seats, one of which eventually would carry the veto power; and since the size of the Council is limited to 11, that could only be done by revising the UN Charter. Revision has been broached from time to time, but the Soviet Union always has threatened to veto it – unless the People's Republic of China is given a seat. It has been assumed that Peking concurs.

This assumption, however, has never been openly corroborated, and now Ghana and Guinea, two African nations which enjoy friendly relations with China, are exploring through diplomatic representatives at Peking whether China expects the African nations "to wait in line indefinitely" for more positions in the UN just because the US is determined to keep China out. Nobody knows whether these overtures will meet with any success, but should China encourage the Africans, the Russians might then be in a position to drop their *quid pro quo* and the logjam on charter revision could be broken.

Thus far, the US has been able to say that it supports revision but is helpless because of Russian objections. However, if the Russians were suddenly to reverse themselves, Ambassador Stevenson might be called upon to express grave reservations: enlarging the councils of the UN would almost certainly modify their pro-Western orientation.

The Russians admit that their no-revision policy has cost them some African friends. It was frustration on this score that moved the Africans to put Ivory Coast forward as a Security Council candidate, and it was that fourth entry for only three vacancies that forced the Soviet-bloc candidate (Czechoslovakia) to share the prize with Malaysia in a split term.

GREECE: *One Election Leads to Another, etc.*

★ George Papandreou, leader of the Center Union Party which captured 42 percent of the popular vote in the November 3 elections, at this writing was trying to tack together a coalition government. The Center Union holds 140 votes in the 300 seat parliament, while former prime minister Constantine Karamanlis' National Radical Union has 128. Papandreou's hopes of winning over some dissidents from the National Radical Union to establish a working majority were buoyed when a discouraged Karamanlis said he was quitting politics (he had been prime minister for eight years until last April). But King Paul persuaded the former premier to stay and make a fight of it, and now Papandreou's chances of holding power for long are slim. Both parties look forward to new election in the spring when each hopes to gain a sure parliamentary majority. The problem in Greece is that there is so little difference between these parties.

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THE SOVIET BLOC: *Banking with the West*

★ The council of the new COMECON "Bank of Socialist Countries" will meet this week in Moscow to elect a president, most likely a Russian or Pole, and its top executives. On January 1, it will begin business. At first the bank was to concentrate on providing facilities for multilateral payment transactions between bloc countries. (Travelers in Eastern Europe will have noticed with astonishment, of course, that nobody can exchange say Czech crowns for Hungarian forints on the frontier. Only hard Western money is accepted at both border check points).

But now the Hungarian deputy minister of finance, a future member of the bank's board, has let the capitalist cat out of the bag. The new bank will seek to cooperate with Western banks and do ordinary business with them such as obtaining credits and placing deposits in order to widen the scope of trade and financial transactions with Western countries. Business will also be done with underdeveloped countries in the form of ordinary "capitalist" business transactions. Within the "socialist camp" transactions will be made in convertible rubles much as the dollar and the pound are used in the West.

This means, of course, that the ruble will have to be quoted at a fixed rate in the foreign exchange markets in London, where it now is quoted at a discount. Soviet gold reserves, estimated at $7 billion, may need to be used to shore it up.

Since only the Soviet Union has the gold the new bank needs for its operations, it must be assumed therefore, that Soviet interests will ultimately control its transactions. The Soviets will be able to control the export trade of her Eastern European partners fairly effectively through the bank if the Hungarian deputy finance minister is right in his forecast of the scope of its business activities. It also means that further efforts will be made by individual East European countries to expand tourism since it brings in hard Western currencies independent of trade transactions. The Czechs, for example, are now opening up Southern Slovakia for easy weekend trips from Austria in the hope of getting Austrian currency.

Winds of Change in Rome

The Vatican Council Moves Toward Renewal and Reform

On a beautifully clear October 30, after two weeks of doldrums, the Second Vatican Council emerged like a frigate becalmed – its major harbor in sight. On that day, by overwhelming majorities, the assembled Council Fathers expressed their consensus that the worldwide college of bishops, together with the Pope, is charged by divine right with responsibility for the universal Church. This was the issue left unconsidered by the First Vatican Council in 1870. This was the issue which the Second Vatican Council had to meet.

Pessimism had reached a low on the preceding Friday, October 25. After four weeks of work, not only had the Council proceeded at an intolerably slow pace, but also a prolonged conflict had developed behind the scenes. More than 10 days before, the four Council moderators had proposed that the four most controversial points of the chapter on the hierarchy of the Church be put to separate vote. The vote was to be held two days after it was announced, but it was not until two weeks later that the matter of the four votes – by then become *five* – emerged again on the floor. Printed statements of the five points were passed out, and the Council Fathers were told that the voting would take place, as it did, on October 30.

Meanwhile, on Monday, October 28, while the fate of the four votes was still unknown, a most unusual ceremony was held in St. Peter's, with all the Council Fathers, together with the press and a large but not crowded number of visitors, present. In no man's living memory had a special papal Mass ever been celebrated on the anniversary of a departed Pope's election. The occasion was obviously contrived. Pope Paul entered the basilica on foot, with none of the usual papal pomp, and after a simple, severe Mass on the small temporary altar erected for the daily Mass of the Council, and without saying a word, the Pope sat down and the distinguished Cardinal Suenens of Belgium ascended a platform and to everyone's surprise preached not in Latin but in French. In simple words he recalled the memory of Pope John, and subtly but insistently linked Pope John and Pope Paul in one program: the success-

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ful prosecution of renewal and reform, through the Council. He used Pope John's damning phrase about "the prophets of doom," and urged that now was not the time for the Church to be afraid of the world, but open and bold. At the end, instead of allowing the Cardinal to kneel and kiss his ring, the Pope stood and embraced him with the kiss of peace.

Excitement ran high. The Italian papers were in the midst of a vicious propaganda campaign on whether the Council would vote to treat of Catholic teaching about the Blessed Virgin Mary in a separate schema, or as the last chapter in the schema on the Church. To one Catholic tradition, represented mainly in the Northern countries but also, surprisingly, among many bishops of Latin America, led by those of Chile, it seemed that Mary has had quite enough isolated attention. To another tradition, strong especially in Italy and Spain, it seemed more important to heap ever more glories upon Mary. Since the first tradition falls back mostly on the Scriptural passages referring to Mary, which frequently treat of her as an image of the Church, and on the early traditions of the Church about her, whereas the second tradition falls back mostly on the teaching of recent Popes and theologians and on popular piety, the difference between them, as Catholics, is chiefly one of emphasis and intellectual roots. But the issue is highly emotional. Some sections of the Italian press, *Il Tempo*, for instance, attempted to treat the matter as one of loyalty or disloyalty to the Pope, and to accuse the non-Latins of "attenuations" of Catholic doctrine merely to please the comparatively small number of non-Catholics who are offended by devotion to Mary (*i.e.*, the Northern Protestants).

The morning of the vote, several Council Fathers from the Ukraine were passing out leaflets on the steps of St. Peter's, urging the other Fathers to vote for a separate schema on Mary. Well before the vote, a long tract by a certain Father Balic, a Yugoslav priest and consultor to the Holy Office, was sent out secretly to all the Council Fathers, in a pamphlet printed by the Vatican press and in the format of an official schema. (Meanwhile, the Secretariat for Christian Unity has tried in vain for two years to get its schema on Religious Liberty printed by the same press.) All told, five separate schemata on Mary were being circulated around Rome. One that was gaining a good deal of favor, submitted by the hierarchy of England, was slandered by *Il Tempo* as omitting any mention of the teaching on the Immaculate Conception or the Assumption. (After the vote, the journal retracted.) Moreover, *Il Tempo* seriously misquoted Pope Paul's remarks at a beatification ceremony on the 27th, to make him say that the Ecumenical Council ardently desired "the return of England" to Rome – words nowhere found in his talk, and sentiments very different from the praise he had gone out of his way, in English, to offer England.

The narrow margin of 40 votes by which a separate schema on Mary was finally defeated – 1,114 to 1,074 – brought a good deal of the preceding week's pessimism back into many hearts. Only the good news that the deadlock in the Council leadership had been broken and that the famous four – now five – votes would be taken on the morrow restored a measure of optimism.

The five votes on Wednesday, October 30, were, thus, climactic. The questions to the Council Fathers were worded in this fashion, in close paraphrase: *Should the schema state (1) that episcopal consecration is the highest peak in the sacrament of orders; (2) that every bishop, in communion with others and the Pope, is a member of the body or college of bishops; (3) that the college of bishops, in its task of evangelizing, sanctifying and nourishing, succeeds the college of the apostles, and that, in union with its Head, the Roman Pontiff, and never without this Head (whose primatial rights over all pastors and faithful remains intact) this body enjoys full and supreme power over the universal Church; and (4) that the aforesaid power belongs to the episcopal college by divine right?* The negative votes were: (1) 34; (2) 104; (3) 336; (4) 408. The number of those voting averaged better than 2,100; the victory was decisive.

It is true that the vote was not actual ratification of a text; it was to guide the preparation of a text. But the expressed consensus of the Council Fathers cannot be undone. As Henri Fesquet wrote the next day in *Le Monde:* "The Roman Church has ceased being – if it ever was – a pure monarchy, in order to become a collegiality."

In the fifth vote of the day, the Council Fathers also agreed – 1,588 to 525 – "to consider the opportuneness of restoring the diaconate as a distinct and permanent rank of the sacred ministry, according to the needs of the Church in different localities." The question of the celibacy of deacons was sidestepped. Presumably, those bishops who need married deacons in their dioceses will argue for them – and probably get them, through machinery to be set up after the Council.

As most of the other bishops of the world left Rome for a long weekend, on account of All Saints' Day and Armistice Day on Friday and Monday, the national conference of Italian bishops issued a mild condemnation of "atheistic Marxism" on Hallowe'en. Reports insist that the Pope and the Secretary of State tried to prevent the statement, and then insisted on modifying it. When the document was finally released, its tone was fatherly, and though it referred in general to previous pontifical condemnations of atheistic Marxism as incompatible with Catholicism, it did not mention or even describe the "opening to the Left" in present Italian politics, nor issue further condemnations, nor reverse

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Pope John XXIII's distinction between an ideological system and what may become of it under the pressures of concrete history.

Now the Council moves on to the question of practical machinery. Discussion is about to begin on "the government of dioceses" – and the relation of bishops to Rome. The Curia has been losing its grip on the Church in vote after vote. Never in many centuries of urgent cries for reform has the Church universal – thanks to a missionary effort that raised up legions of bishops from the Americas, the Far East, Near East, and Africa, to join those "from across the Alps" – been in such a good position to cleanse ecclesiastical government of practices inherited from the Inquisition and the Italian Renaissance.

Michael Novak

Italian Socialism Chooses "The Things That Are Possible"

Pietro Nenni's father was a poor peasant in the employ of an aristocratic family of Romagna (Mussolini's birthplace). In 1896, when the future leader of Italian Socialism was five years old, the father died and his former employer arranged to have the boy placed in the municipal orphanage as a charity ward. Nenni remained there until he was 17. On Sundays, accompanied by his mother who earned her living by selling milk from house to house, he would pay homage to his benefactors. He would enter their home by the service staircase and eat in the servants' dining hall. Then Madame the Countess would call him in and catechize him, to see if he was profiting by his studies. If satisfied, she would press a silver coin into his hand.

"Generous but humiliating," were the words Nenni used later to describe the episode. Again and again in his conversation he returns to recollections of his disinherited childhood. He never completely freed himself from these memories of deprivation, even after Marxism had taught him – as he himself recounts – "to rise above the romantic phase of the impoverished youth, and enter into that of the grown man who recognizes that his position in society is not really a personal matter but simply a fact of the class system."

Nenni's Socialism is rooted in the experience of those who, from the outset, have discovered that they lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Abruptly, and by bitter experience, this group has learned the implacable lesson of a world divided into the haves and the have-nots, into those who make the laws and those who must obey them. The motives which drive these people into political action are, above all, class hatred and the urge to revolt. This urge to rebel, however, is not without a certain ambivalence: a degree of admiration and respect is mixed in with the hatred for the rich and powerful.

I am aware of the pitfalls of trying to explain a man's destiny in facile terms of his early psychological and social conditioning. In this case, however, we are talking of a man who, for the first time in Italy's history, has succeeded in bringing Socialism to the very threshhold of power. In a few days, in all probability, there will be ministers from the Italian Socialist Party in the new cabinet, along with the Christian Democrats.

For 40 years, Nenni has identified himself so completely with his party and with the masses whom it represents that his name has become a symbol and an example. The Italian Socialist Party was founded in 1892, the year after the birth of its future leader. It was the first party of organized popular protest, and it retained its ideological monopoly until after World War II, when competition from the Communist Party began to loom large. Even now, however, despite the millions of votes which Togliatti has garnered, the Italian masses remain Socialistic at heart. In 1957, after the congress at which Nenni's party officially repudiated the "united action pact" with the Communists and embarked on the democratic course, Aneurin Bevan declared: "The Italian Communists are Socialists who have been unable to find a leader, a party, or a policy which would satisfy them. Perhaps the new road Nenni has taken will give them all these things."

Italian Socialism and Communism alike can only be understood in terms of the historical, political and social conditions which gave birth to the Italian labor movement and with which this movement found it must struggle. In its economic and industrial development, Italy lagged a full century behind the other developed nations. At the turn of the century, it was dominated by a semi-feudal agrarian bourgeoisie and by an industrial oligarchy barely able to hold its own, naturally at the expense of the workers. Until 1913, less than 10 percent of the people were able to vote; the workers were then striking for a one-hour reduction of their 15-hour work day; strikes were often settled by Army intervention, more often than not leaving several dead in the public square.

With the fall of Fascism, the growth of the Resistance and the advent of the Republic, the social climate changed, but the changes were more gradual and inconsistent than is generally believed. The social cleavages remained enormous, and when the "economic miracle" finally transpired it was paid for in large part by the mass of the people through wages vastly lower than the international wage-scale. The Christian Demo-

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cratic Party, which dominated this era, was very different from the old "bourgeois" parties, yet the government did not become a people's regime. The need to defend democracy against Communism threw up an iron curtain between the governing *establishment* and the opposition. The "defense of democracy" and the "values of the West" became an alibi for the defense of privilege, an ideological cover whereby the bourgeoisie reinforced its dominance.

Perhaps these developments are insufficient to justify the willingness of Nenni and his party in accepting Communist leadership from 1945 to 1956. It should at least help to explain it. During those years it was hard to convince rural and industrial labor working at starvation wages, the two million unemployed, and the countless families who ate meat but once a week that they should discriminate between just social demands and the totalitarian ideology of a party guided by the power politics of Soviet Russia. Moreover, a group of Socialists led by Giuseppe Saragat did bolt the party and allied themselves with the Christian Democrats in the late 1940's. The dynamics of political struggle forced Saragat's new Social Democratic Party to take its share of responsibility for the cold war; consequently, within a few years the movement became completely isolated from the laboring masses.

On the other end of the political scale, Nenni was having an opposite experience. He saw too clearly the mistakes and heinous qualities of Stalinism, but he loyally underwrote the Communist line. Publicly he approved the conviction of Rajk and the other "traitors" from international Communism, but privately he confessed to his friends: "When Rajk went to his death I spent a sleepless night. Who knows to what coercion he may have been subjected!"

It was a period of cold war reasoning, the ruling out of any "middle way," everyone being forced to choose black or white. The only hope left was to try and preserve the conditions for a new start, when circumstances would permit. In this respect Saragat's and Nenni's functions were analogous. The one, together with some Christian Democrats and others on the democratic Left, prevented the "bourgeois" regimes from going the way of the authoritarian Right; the other kept four million popular votes from going to the Communists.

At last the tensions of the Cold War relaxed: the death of Stalin, Khrushchevism, the Italian economic boom, the directions given the Catholic Church by the pontificate of John XXIII, the Presidency of Kennedy, the doctrine of peaceful coexistence – all these contributed profoundly to alter the conditions of the political struggle in Italy. Nenni felt encouraged to disengage Socialist policy from its subjection to Communism and to take the first step toward the alliance with the Catholics and other democratic parties. The Socialist Congress in Rome just recently completed the process by approving Socialist participation in a new Center-Left cabinet. "If I must sum up in a single sentence what has left the most lasting impression on me in my long life," says Nenni, "I would say it is the tragedy of wasted possibilities, of the things which could have been done but which were not done because we were carried away by the intoxicating vision of higher and more radical goals which were impossible to achieve. My friends, let us not repeat this error. Let us do, or try our best to do, whatever is necessary and possible today."

The "things that are possible" for a party which has decided to move away from pure rebellion are those it can achieve by taking part in the government along with the other forces of bourgeois democratic government, entering the directors' chamber and accepting realistically all the necessary compromises. The one-time orphan is now rounding out the story of his life which began by his paying homage to benefactors via the service staircase and the servants' dining hall. In return, he recognizes that the safest way to force the rich to become less rich and approach the ideal of a freer and more just society (at least in a modern country with a variegated and complex society, such as Italy in the Sixties) is not that of total negation and revolt.

His enemies within the party object, of course, that the Socialists are coming to power in harness with forces which will try to keep change to a minimum. That is no negligible objection. Today the Italian Socialist Party represents only a part of the left-wing mass movement in Italy: the most dynamic, the best organized, the most militant segment still remains loyal to the Communists. And the Communists will not pardon the slightest weakness; they will be prompt to blame the Socialists for everything they fail to do, whether possible or impossible.

It is a serious risk for the Socialists to join the government under these circumstances; their survival is at stake. By entering the Cabinet they risk absorption by the moderate reformists. Yet if they stayed out, they would almost certainly have ended up in a new "popular front" led by the Communists. But, I must finally say, even the Communists are not what they were 10 years ago. Perhaps it would not be too utopian to conceive even of *their* becoming so diverse as to admit the forming of a single labor party, equipped to offer a democratic alternative to conservative and moderate regimes. In the meanwhile, however, much can happen. Nenni has the last word: ". . . there are risks, and the risks are great. But one cannot choose the hour and the place for a rendezvous with power. When the moment arrives, it must be seized. . . ."

ENZO FORCELLA

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Gloria, Gloria

by Murray Kempton

Last July an urban journalist looked upon Mrs. Gloria Richardson in the dungarees that were her command dress and wrote that the Chairman of the Cambridge Non-Violent Action Committee reminded him of Joan of Arc. That comparison is more painful to reasonable white citizens of Cambridge then anything said or written in the summer of Gloria Richardson's uprising that brought their town under martial law.

More white people were shot here last summer than in any of the hundreds of other towns where the Negro's aspirations have brought him into the streets.

Senator Brewster of Maryland came late in October as the newest of the enlightened outsiders to offer himself as mediator and was reported impressed with how rational everyone seemed. The impression of good sense is the general surprise of a visit to Cambridge; there is nothing that can fairly be called irrational except what happens.

The city is governed according to the best aspirations at the command of the border South: its commissioners are entirely aware of the special challenge of the Sixties, which is how to appease the Negro without telling the poor white. Still they have lived through misfortune that continually hinted at becoming catastrophe; and worse public officials in worse towns live at peace. They can be excused, as reasonable men, for blaming all this on Gloria Richardson and everything she has done since she turned the Negro school children out to demonstrate last spring.

"People ask what we did wrong," City Solicitor Awdry Thompson says, "but when you got a woman like Gloria Richardson in your town, it doesn't make much difference what you did wrong."

Gloria Richardson began picketing to open Cambridge's 22 restaurants to Negroes last winter. By spring her troop of students was so large that Cambridge commenced arresting great groups of them. Their demonstrations brought the poor whites in from the county; their jailings aroused the adult Negroes. These restless, closed crowds met on Race Street, the Negro district's boundary; Cambridge's last memory of good fortune was that a riot was somehow avoided; but there were gun battles at night. The Governor of Maryland dispatched his National Guard to Cambridge (it is still there) and called the parties to his State House. There official Cambridge offered Gloria Richardson a package it still thinks of as total surrender: an ordinance desegregating restaurants, a promise to complete integration of the schools, a committee to find jobs for Negroes and a Negro public-housing project. Mrs. Richardson could have all this if she would promise not to demonstrate for a year.

Mrs. Richardson refused this offer. A deceptive meditative peace descended; the Governor recalled the guard and Mrs. Richardson led the school children once more to the shopping district. A muster of rural whites came to meet her; that night five white persons were shot. The National Guard came back; Gloria Richardson was called to Washington and capitulation to Robert Kennedy. In return for its deliverance, Cambridge agreed to set up a 12-member biracial committee, with four Negro members to be chosen by Mrs. Richardson, and to sponsor a Charter Amendment desegregating the restaurants but subject to public referendum.

By now, most of what was reasonable in Cambridge had sunk its hopes on desegregating the restaurants as a ritual, remedial sacrifice to peace. Awdry Thompson, who had been a speaker at the founding ceremonies of the not-thereafter-conspicious Dorchester White Citizens Council, was a prominent spokesman for the amendment. He nicely defines the respectability of the cause: "I could go out and try to sell a public accommodations law, but I'd hardly dare this season to go out and try to sell the Kennedys."

The theory was that if barely 35 percent of Cambridges' white voters could be won to this coalition of the practical and the principled, there would be enough Negro votes to pass the law in referendum. Every Negro of substance but one worked to get out the vote. Gloria Richardson announced that she would not ask Negroes to vote on something that was already their constitutional right. In the end, the whites returned a little more than the favorable 35 percent of their vote the public accommodations proposal was supposed to need; but it was defeated because half the Negro voters had abstained. Gloria Richardson, standing almost alone among Negroes with a voice, had managed to hold half her constituency.

"And so," Awdry Thompson reflects, "we can't deal with her and we can't deal without her."

Nothing that happened last summer has changed a single Cambridge custom. Nothing is new except the

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National Guard, itself by now almost a custom. The biracial committee talks about a meeting this month; the Reverend Mr. Allen Whatley, its chairman, talks about little beyond tables of organization. There is the comfort of the approach of cold weather when people do not normally picket. Gloria Richardson came to Senator Brewster's peace meeting and at the end surprised her enemies by saying that she thought some progress might have been made. Her reason for hope was that the meeting had lasted three hours and 15 minutes. This woman who Cambridge thinks holds it in bondage could not remember a time when its officials had given her case longer than an hour's hearing.

All practical men go on hoping to appease, if not Gloria Richardson herself, at least the memory of what they used to think would appease her. William L. Wise, the fuel dealer who organized the white voters against the public accommodations bill, tried immediately after his victory to persuade the restaurants to desegregate voluntarily, an effort which, of course, failed as soon as it became public. In Cambridge, even the man who rallied the poor whites against the sitting politicians, moves clumsily for some way to appease the Negro without telling the white.

For, that small part of Cambridge which owns property badly needs a clearance from Gloria Richardson.

"Man, this stuff's been aging for 100 years."

Cambridge had always lived off the farm and the water; its main industries were food processors. But now Dorcester County has 30,000 residents and only 728 farms; Cambridge's largest cannery closed down in the middle Fifties; in 1958, 28 percent of its work force was unemployed. Cambridge's heroic efforts to attract new industries has brought unemployment down to 13 percent, with the Negro rate estimated closer to 25. The campaign for new industries stopped when Gloria Richardson's passion and the subsequent tumult made Cambridge a reproach. Every man of civic spirit – even Wise – knows how much Cambridge's reputation now needs a show of harmony.

Only Gloria Richardson stands outside that consensus. She is a stranger and cannot be engaged, because she is both a Negro and a woman and thus represents the two largest figures in Southern myth and the two smallest in Southern reality. What deepens her mystery is her entire failure at the conventional commercial civic response. She is one of the few militant integrationists who has deliberately made the poor Negro her resource and this choice peculiar to her nature has given her what power she retains.

She is a tall, thin woman, early in the forties, with eyes more sad than hostile. But there sits within her, making her a harder case still, a sense of mischief which obeys no commands but its own. She will, she tells a follower, go to Senator Brewster's meeting. "But I'm not going as a big wheel. I just want to be the little stone that gets in all the big wheels."

She has, on occasion, affronted official Cambridge by seeming to accept a compromise, making it contingent on the approval of her executive committee and then returning from this communion to report that her executive committee has overruled her. Her executive committee is commonly assumed to be a device of Gloria Richardson's guileful and mischievous fancy. Yet the Cambridge Non-Violent Action Committee does have an executive, in whose existence her middle-class fellow citizens may be excused from believing because its members are not Negroes they are likely to know. One works in a packinghouse; another is on public welfare. We can choose to believe either that she picked them because she could manipulate them or because they were persons who had never before been granted a voice. In any case, however brief the hope she may have given them, they returned her the awful power that can inhere in people who had never known the experience and the consequent exhaustion of revolt. Whatever was harsh and terrible in the Negro community last summer – and something seems unprecedentedly to have been – had some of its source in that industrial poor where Gloria Richardson built her strength. A packinghouse worker is not a domestic.

Mrs. Richardson's closest lieutenant last summer was

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Reginald Robinson, a 22-year-old Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee official. He has left Cambridge to go South, and she seems resigned to giving him up.

"All this was very rough on Reggie," she explains. "He's very brave, but he really is non-violent. I'm non-violent too, but I guess I'm a little tougher."

"A Public Worker"

An acquaintance, one suspects a Negro acquaintance, is supposed to have said of Gloria Richardson: "She is the only person I have ever known who never seems to have anything good to say about any white man."

Yet, when she talks, the animus that comes through strongest is one of class rather than race. That surprises because she was born a Negro and only chose the poor. Hers is the Negro first family of Maryland; and her grandfather was Cambridge's Negro City Councilman for a generation. She lives in his old house, which is much the most impressive on its block. The funeral parlor, always the most substantial Negro business, remains a family property.

She came here from Baltimore when she was eight to grow up at some remove from ordinary Cambridge Negroes. What society she knew was drawn mostly from the friends who came from more cosmopolitan places to stay with her grandfather. She went to Howard University where she was instructed by Dr. E. Franklin Frazier that she was black bourgeois. Four other girls from the Negro high school went on to college in her time. She thinks that she was the only one to come back to Cambridge to live.

Eight years ago, she and her husband went to worship at Christ Episcopal Church, where the Cambridge biracial Committee's Mr. Whatley was then, as now, rector. Christ Church's vestry quite quickly found a West Indian curate and established a mission in the Negro section, which happens to be closer to the mother church than many of its white parishioners are. Gloria Richardson transferred unprotestingly to the Negro mission and does not seem yet to wonder why the Lord should provide a Negro mission so short a time after her appearance in Christ Church's pew.

She was divorced and thought of going to work. The Negro High School had no place for another teacher; she turned to the United States Employment Service to ask for a job at the new garment factory. "The interviewer said that, since I had a college degree, it would look funny on her records if she put me down as a garment worker, so she registered me instead as a 'public worker.' But, of course, there wasn't any public work." She went to the garment plant, found herself deficient in manual dexterity and went back home for good.

The only experience which could remotely have conditioned her choice of class was this one test of the value of a college degree to the daughter of Cambridge's most substantial Negro family.

Whatever the origin, Gloria Richardson has acquired an identification with the poor that extends even to those country whites who came to Cambridge to drink beer and howl at her demonstrations.

"When there was trouble," she remembers, "and the cops picked up one of *them* they'd be much rougher on him than us. That's because they're poor."

"When even a Negro gets a little property, it's very hard for him not to feel the whites looking at him and he begins to think about words like 'responsibility' and 'culture.' He doesn't want to be considered irresponsible and above all, he doesn't want to seem uncultured. But *my* people know exactly what their problems are."

Morgan College studied the Cambridge Negro's wants, and found out that 60 percent of those interviewed were worried about jobs, and 40 percent about education and only six percent cared about public accommodations. "Oh, sure, those restaurants were right out there and they were something you could hit at. But they weren't the main part of it. The referendum could have meant something only if the Negroes had stayed away and the white people had voted to open the restaurants."

What Gloria Richardson wants would require from Cambridge a passion for the rescue of its poor which reasonable men cannot be expected even to imagine. Reflecting on that seems to have rendered the restaurants irrelevant to her; one reason why she has not yet led her troops back to Race Street may be that the only thing against which she now can raise her banner is everything.

Her meetings are small; the children who were her chief resource are back in school; her subalterns of last summer have gone to simpler, more desperate places like Mississippi. "I think I'll go to Danville," even Gloria Richardson says, "I could be doing something constructive down there in the 9 or 10 days while we're thinking about what to do up here next."

Remembering last summer, Gloria Richardson says just one truly sad thing: "It's funny but during the whole time we were demonstrating actively, there were almost no fights in this ward and almost no crime, not even traffic. Now they've gone back to fighting each other again. They've been thrown back to carrying a chip on their shoulder."

One of Gloria Richardson's friends wondered the other day whether the Negro poor of Cambridge had entered the stage a man reaches when he stops looking for a job any longer. When men see or imagine they see a Joan of Arc, she carries with her the hope of a great new chance for everyone around her. And, when she fades, what is sad is not just that she is going but that the illusion of the chance goes with her.

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Graham Greene

Nightmare Republic

"It is impossible to exaggerate the poverty of Haiti. One has the sense that even the machine of tyranny is running down. Anything may happen, anytime, anywhere."

After the drumbeats which continued for an hour or more, after the saints' banners and the chanting and the Latin prayers, came the priest swinging his censer. But the censer was a live cock, and after the priest had incensed the congregation, he put the head in his mouth and crunched through the neck. Then using the neck like a tube of red-brown paint he made his mystic designs upon the earth floor.

I remember this ceremony from nine years ago, and the long service which followed: the novices borne in like mummies wrapped in white sheets with only a hand protruding, a hand which was held in a live flame by the attendants while the drums beat to cover the cries; the arrival of the god of war, Ogoun Ferraille, who took possession of one of the peasants and sent him careering around the temple with a naked sword. You find the ceremonies reflected in many Haitian paintings, especially in those of Hector Hyppolite, who was a Voodoo priest. Even around the mural of the Marriage at Cana in the Episcopalian Cathedral the drummers play and a dead pig has the appearance of a ritual slaughter.

Some strange curse descended on the liberated slaves of Hispaniola. The unconscious of this people is filled with nightmares; they live in the world of Hieronimus Bosch. Perhaps it is wrong to speak of the unconscious, for here the Ego and the Id seem joined in unholy matrimony. Baron Samedi, in his top hat and tails, who haunts the cemeteries smoking a cigar and wearing dark glasses, spends the days, so some believe, in the Presidential Palace, and his other name is Dr. Duvalier.

A reign of terror has often about it the atmosphere of farce. The irresponsible is in control. The banana-skin is a deadly one, but it remains a banana-skin. From the moment you land from an airplane in Port-au-Prince – that city of ruined elegance where the houses belong to the world of Charles Addams and the door may well be opened to you by a Boris Karloff – you are in the hands of the unpredictable.

You reach your hotel, symbolically enough, in darkness, for the plane touches down around 5:30, and between 6:30 and 7:30, and again from 8:30 to 9:30, the lights are all out. In the hotel you may find yourself the only guest (the tourists fled last spring and never returned). There were three others in my hotel and the owner calculated with wry insouciance that he could break even with five of us (his wages bill used to be $1,500 a month and is now $100).

While you wait for the lights to go on, you sit around oil-lamps exchanging rumors – the rebels are only 24 hours from Port-au-Prince, one optimist declares; the army has suffered a hundred casualties (it is always a hundred when an optimist speaks); a military plane has been shot down. Someone has heard on the Voice of America. . . . On the way to the hotel one night when I was stopped at a road-block, the man who searched me for arms, patting the hips, the thighs, laying a hand under the testicles, asked my companion in Creole, "Is there any news?"

But there is no such thing as news any more. (The stories which appear in the *New York Times* or the *New York Herald Tribune* as a rule have a San Domingo dateline and reflect the hopes of the exiles.) The President's daughter is said to be on a hunger-strike to induce her father to leave; the President's wife has abandoned him and is in America. . . . The Spanish Ambassador came home the other night to find a black dog in the Embassy, but none of his staff would touch it because it might house the spirit of Clement Barbot, the President's deadly enemy, shot down a few weeks back on the edge of Port-au-Prince by the Ton Ton Macoute, the evil militia founded by himself. The Ambassador (the story grows and grows) had to put the dog in his car himself and drive it away. He tried to turn it out in the great square by the Presidential Palace, but it refused to move – the dog was too close to Dr. Duvalier. Only when he reached the cathedral did he consent to budge, trotting off into the dark to seek another sanctuary. Of course there was no truth in the story, but it seemed probable enough in this city without news and between certain hours, without light.

A few minutes from the hotel one can see the blackened ruins of Benoit's house. Benoit, one of Haiti's prize marksmen, was suspected of having been

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concerned in the attempted kidnaping of the President's children earlier in the year. He took refuge in an Embassy and his house was set ablaze with petrol by the Ton Ton Macoute, who machine-gunned the flames. Mme. Benoit escaped, but no one knows whether her child is alive, nor how many servants were shot or burnt to death.

Anything may happen, any time, anywhere. One night a man came running up the steps of the hotel, under the impression that it was an Embassy, seeking refuge. He was probably a madman, for surely everyone knows for his own safety the position of each Embassy, but what dark experience had driven him mad? Was he one of the 62 Army officers who were so suddenly dismissed this year? Some have disappeared, some have taken sanctuary; the Chief of Staff who signed their dismissal walked next day into a South American Embassy for refuge. The British Chargé finds his car abandoned on a street – the chauffeur has been taken to the police station to be interrogated about his master's movement, and there is no redress.

The diplomats have watched the slow disintegration of the American Military Aid Mission, after the head of the Mission objected to the arms for the army going to the Ton Ton. In the last weeks of its existence pilots were not allowed to visit their planes, even to service them, and Marines were separated from their ship. No one makes a stand. It is as though the diplomatic missions – with the honorable exception of the British Ambassador – had been hypnotized by the dark glasses of Baron Samedi (they are the uniform also of the Ton Ton Macoute).

In the cathedral, on the national day, when the excommunicated President puts in his one appearance at Mass, the Ton Ton arrive armed with submachine guns and search, even behind the altar. Then they take up their position in the cathedral with their guns covering the diplomatic corps, while in the choir rifles dominate the congregation. The bishops of Haiti and Gonaïves have been driven into exile, the Nuncio has departed. (A kind of evil farce enters even into the religious conflict. The Bishop of Gonaïves has tried to suppress Voodoo and required of his communicants that they should surrender their Voodoo charms – he was accused of robbing the country of archaeological treasures.)

There have been many reigns of terror in the course of history. Sometimes they have been prompted by a warped idealism like Robespierre's, sometimes they have been directed fanatically against a class or a race and supported by some twisted philosophy; surely never has terror had so bare and ignoble an object as here – the protection of a few tough men's pockets, the pockets of Gracia Jacques, Colonel Athi, Colonel Desiré, the leaders of the Ton Ton Macoute, of the police and of the Presidential guard – and in the center of the ring, of course, in his black evening suit, his heavy glasses, his halting walk and halting speech, the cruel and absurd Doctor.

Everyone is in some sort a prisoner in Port-au-Prince. The exit visa for a foreigner is twice the price of the entry. For a Haitian a passport costs $100 and the visa (controlled personally by the Doctor) another five. You pay your money, but it is dubious whether you will ever see your passport.

Travel on the island is almost at a standstill. The roads were always a deterrent, but now there are roadblocks round Port-au-Prince to the north and controls at every small town to the south. Within a circuit of a few kilometers from Port-au-Prince I was searched four times, and it took me two days at the police station, where the portrait of the Doctor is flanked by snapshots of the machine-gunned bodies of Barbot and his companions, to gain a two-day permit for the South. The North, because of the raids from the Dominican Republic, was forbidden altogether.

All trade which does not offer a rakeoff is at a standstill. A whole nation can die of starvation so long as the Doctor's non-fiscal account is safe. The public revenue of Haiti in a reasonable year should be around $28 million, but the non-fiscal account which is paid directly into the President's pocket amounts to between $8 million and $12 million. On all the main commodities, sugar, flour, oil, tires, cement, a special tax is levied which never goes into the general account. The export of cement is forbidden because the world price would not admit this extra tax. The export would aid Haiti, but not the ring.

The President has, of course, other less traditional sources of revenue. The British Ambassador was expelled because he protested at the levies which the Ton Ton Macoute were exacting illegally from all businessmen. An arbitrary figure was named and if the sum were not forthcoming the man would be beaten up in his home by the Ton Ton Macoute during the hours of darkness.

Tolls are enforced on all cars between the rich suburb of Petionville and Port-au-Prince. These particular

NEXT WEEK: *A report from Arizona on Goldwater– his past, his platform, his prospects*

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sums go to the only project in Haiti visible to the naked eye. This project is the new town of Duvalierville, 40 miles out of Port-au-Prince. The Doctor has obviously read accounts of Brasilia and in the absurd little tourist houses with roofs like wind-wrecked butterflies one can detect Brasilia's influence. There is no beach, and the town, if it is ever finished, is supposed to house 2,000 peasants in little one-roomed houses, so that it is difficult to see why any tourist should stay there. The only building finished in Duvalierville is the cock-fight stadium. In the meanwhile the peasant's homes have been destroyed and they have been driven from the area to live with relatives. Many people believe that the town if finished will become a Ton Ton garrison.

As with most major constructions in Haiti, since the Emperor Christophe built his fantastic citadel on a mountain-top, the cement used is cruelty and injustice. Labor on the project is controlled by the Ton Ton Macoute. One young laborer was taken off his job because a TTM wanted it for another. The laborer tried to appeal to him, "Please I am hungry, I have no work, and the TTM promptly shot him through the head, the cheek and the body. He now survives in Port-au-Prince paralyzed.

It is impossible to exaggerage the poverty of Haiti. One has the sense that even the machine of tyranny is running down. The levies on businesses have ceased because there is no money to exact. The Army has received no pay for two months (but the President has seen to it that the Army is powerless), nor have the civil servants nor the priests.

Port-au-Prince has always been a city of beggars who make their headquarters around and in the Post Office, but even they feel the pinch now that the tourists have departed, and there may well be truth in those hollow voices that pursue you even within the grounds of the hotels: "Master, I'm bad. I'm real bad, I'm hungry." These are the professionals. Who knows what has happened to the hundreds of workers abandoned by the tourist trade? They are starving invisibly behind the decaying mud walls of the Port-au-Prince slums. Meanwhile an officer of the Ton Ton Macoute is building a large ice-skating rink up at Kenscoff, the mountain village above Port-au-Prince.

"Je Suis Immatériel"

What hopes are there for this poor, beautiful and bedeviled country? Optimists point out that Duvalier has no supporters (apart from the police and the Ton Ton). Even Voodoo is a doubtful ally; the priest, the *houngan*, is a luxury which only the more prosperous parts of the country can afford. Voodoo hardly exists in the poor South, but perhaps the Doctor for one reason may be content to see it wither. He is himself almost certainly a believer (he has declared *"Je suis immatériel"*), but oddly enough it is his excommunication by the church which prevents him from practicing his religion, since a Voodoo worshiper must receive Holy Communion if he is to be accepted by the *houngan*.

The shooting of Clement Barbot has taken away the only real threat to Duvalier in the capital. Rebels may make raids in the north, but it hardly affects the inhabitants of Port-au-Prince. A few brave youths the other day attacked the police station at Kenscoff, and slaughtered a couple of TTM and a couple of policemen. Three of them held out in a cave in the mountains for more than 24 hours against several hundred police, and they killed more than 20 of their pursuers ("a hundred" says the optimist) before they were burnt out with flame-throwers.

Did they hope the peasants would rise? That hope was killed forever after the small Cuban invasion of 1959, when Barbot – then still head of the TTM – massacred with machine guns in a town square every peasant of the region where the men had landed. The peasants now will never rise until photographs of the President's dead body are nailed like Barbot's photo on the walls of every police station.

The refugees in San Domingo, like the Cubans in Miami, are divided among themselves. The last presidential candidate, Louis Dejoie, plays a vain, loquacious role in the restaurants of San Domingo while he denounces the few men who cross the border to fight. Intervention by the Dominican forces is out of the question. Haitians remember Trujillo's slaughter of unarmed Haitian laborers at the frontier-river now called Massacre, and Haitian pride cannot be exaggerated; it is a quality noble and absurd and comforting for the persecutors. Even a man released from the torture-chamber under the palace who had been beaten almost to the point of death would not admit that he had been touched. The great-great-grandchild of slaves is never beaten. (A whip hangs on the central pillar of every Voodoo temple as a reminder of the past.)

San Domingo is 50 minutes from Port-au-Prince by air, but the distance separating the two places must be judged not in miles but in centuries. In San Domingo businessmen and politicians feel at home among the fruit-machines and the swimming pools; on their belt a little leather purse has taken the place of a revolver holster. The talk at the next table in the luxury hotel is all of dollars and percentages, but neither business nor politics has any relevance in Haiti. Haiti produces painters, poets, heroes – and in that spiritual region it is natural to find a devil too. The electric sign which winks out every night across the public garden has a certain truth. *"Je Suis Le Drapeau Haitien, Uni Indivisible. Francois Duvalier."*

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American Victorian

by John Wain

What I knew of Mr. Swados' previous work had left an impression of strong contemporaneity, of a mind very much of this age. And here he turns up with a Victorian novel in modern dress: Victorian in its plot, its preoccupations, and (allowing for the inevitable differences) in its language. And also, I am glad to say, Victorian in its verve and confidence.

The Will
by Harvey Swados
(World; $4.95)

I have tried hard to think of a way of discussing this book without giving away some of the plot, but it can't be done, so I must apologize to Mr. Swados for what I know is an irritating practice in reviewing. And with that over, here goes. Max and Leo Land are brothers, first-generation immigrants from "the old country." Settling in a dreary city that isn't particularized, but seems to be somewhere in the American Northeast, they manage to get through pharmacy school, largely because of Max's driving energy and willingness to make sacrifices; Leo just tags along. Once graduated, they set up in business just in time for the flu epidemic of 1919. (The whole story is very skillfully dovetailed into the hard, intractable structure of contemporary history.) From then on it ought to be a success story, but it isn't. Leo marries a timid wallflower of a girl and has three sons. Max, still dominant, degenerates over the years into a miser and pathological hoarder. Leo, beaten down by the combined problems of fatherhood and younger-brotherhood, slowly fades into nothingness, his innate sensitiveness and imagination withering with each day in the dusty, ill-stocked drugstore, each evening in the cramped and comfortless living quarters behind it.

As for the boys, they each make their individual maladjustment. Mel, the eldest, is closest to Uncle Max and perhaps most disintegrated by the contact. He becomes a hoodlum and vanishes from the family ken. Ralph, the middle one, moves to New York and tailors his personality for the general grab for money and prestige. He wants to drown the past by getting on. (A practiced reader of modern fiction knows from the start that he will get his comeuppance very thoroughly before the story ends, conventional ambition being punished in the modern novel as ruthlessly as sexual misdeeds in the Victorian novel.) And Raymond, the youngest, never moves from home at all. After Leo's wife dies, the brothers move to a large old-fashioned house, bought by Max, and live there among the ever-mounting heaps of Max's junk until death takes them both within a few months. Raymond, who had moved to this house with them, thereupon digs himself in, with encyclopedias and ham radio to keep his mind active, and a rigorous program of exercises for his body. He refuses to leave the house, and nobody except the family, and the kindly old family physician who acts as a kind of Greek chorus, even knows he is there.

This is the position when the book opens. The Land brothers have between them created a situation which will have to be worked out. Leo has engendered three children, and Max has done everything else, including making all three unable to confront life quite head-on. Other subsidiary characters are grouped about these three: the family doctor, Ralph's girlfriend, who becomes his wife in the course of the story, various assorted relatives, a couple of prying pressmen, and the doctor's son, a contemporary of the three brothers.

With this situation to work on, Mr. Swados sets to with considerable relish. He does not merely write his story: he writes, as the expressive phrase runs, hell out of it. If he describes a scene, he throws details at us in quick profusion. If he gives us the motives and inner feelings of his characters, he does not merely indicate them, he dives headlong into their recesses and takes the reader down with him. The whole book is written – there is no other word for it – *energetically*. Energy is a fine literary quality, but at the same time I think it would have been wiser to allow some more relaxed passages, some let-up now and again. Not that the effect is one of strain. Mr. Swados has the energy and determination to keep up this attack through page after page. It is the reader, not the writer, who becomes faint. Such unflagging pace is a challenge which forces him to work, to attend, to react deeply and continually. And the situation is not made any easier by the fierce photograph of Mr. Swados, sternly bristling at the reader in what seems to be the hallway of a police court, which the publishers have seen fit to put on the jacket.

Take an example. The Land Brothers' drugstore was in a run-down, peeling section of the town. Here is how Mr. Swados describes it:

> "Cut-rate funeral parlors, curtained taverns lingering half alive from the era when they had been saloons, basement poolrooms with bleached and pealing orange arrows pointing the way downward into their corroded depths, empty ice-cream parlors behind whose unwashed windows stood discolored glass jars packed with long-stale stuck-together candies, wholesale cleaning plants closed today so that at least their rank hiss of hot steam did not escape into the sunless street, secondhand clothing stores with rusted racks of five- and seven-dollar suits, bicycle repair shops which had surely done no business since the days of the Model T – anyone who had grown up here must know them all

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ALFRED·A·KNOPF

by heart, these decaying excrescences of a decaying city."

And the fateful house is given the full Dickensian treatment.

> "Max Land's house, which Ralph must surely remember from childhood visits as his uncle's prize of prizes, his private white elephant, had for sixty years stood all alone in the middle of noplace, sticking, solitary, out of field and swamp like a great discolored tooth jutting up from an otherwise empty lower jaw. Now that field and swamp had been overwhelmed by suburban midden, it loomed up before them, more crazily out of place than ever. You could not see it from any distance, so it was always shocking to come upon it, bulking on its block-wide lot, its countless bays, dormers, barge-boards, and fluted porch posts grimacing wildly at what had sprung up before it: a shopping center climaxed with Early American A&P, servicing endless cubes of three-bedroom, one-and-a-half bathroom tract homes, a veritable and literal Happy Valley complete with the doctor's earlier evocation: kids on tricycles and daddies washing Chevys."

The house does not just stand there. It *juts, looms, crazily out of place, grimacing wildly;* its windows and porches are not merely numerous but *countless.* And if this kind of emphasis is employed in the description of a house, the harsh physicality of the descriptions of lust and violence can be imagined.

However, once the reader is fairly warned that the going will be rugged, he can safely accept what Mr. Swados offers. The three young men wrestle, each in his idiosyncratic way, with the inherited problem. They cannot simply walk away from it, because they are fixed to the decaying house by the traditional rivet which novelists have always found so useful for holding their characters *in situ.* I mean, of course, a legacy. Max Land's odds and ends of real estate, including his house crammed with rubbish, lie in the path of a civic development, and prices will be high.

Immediately the brothers are involved. Ralph wants the money because it will help him to complete his escape from the seedy purgatory of his boyhood. Mel, who erupts dramatically into the story at mid-point, is less interested in the money than in revenge; he wants to pay back Ralph for what he thinks of as a betrayal, both of himself and of Uncle Max. And Raymond? He would like to be left alone, to live unnoticed in the house until he feels "ready" to come out and face life; but that is out of the question, the house must come down, the reporters are prowling, and there is a hideously inhuman detective checking up on the whole lot of them.

There would still be no problem if the money had been left to Ralph or Mel. Or even split between the three. But when the will comes to light, it is Raymond who has inherited everything; so that the first problem is to deal with Ray, to get him out of the house, to start him moving, bring him into some relationship with life.

That is the basic situation, and I won't give away any more of the plot. It will be apparent already that the story is told less "for its own sake" (whatever that means) than for its universal and symbolic reverberances. Mel, Ralph and Ray each have their own vision and their own blindness. Ralph is more damaged by the action than either of the others, but even he is given his justification and his share in the reader's sympathies.

It is this attempt to distribute sympathy impartially that makes the book so ambitious. Mr. Swados is about equally involved with each of the three brothers, and to convey this he has chosen a very difficult method of narration, halfway between first-person and third person. The story, that is, remains anchored in third-person narration and is therefore understood to be coming from an impersonal, omniscient source. This allows of comment, explanation of motives, illustration and essay-material generally. But the camera-angle changes from chapter to chapter, so that we get everyone's point of view in turn. This allows of a dialectic among the characters. Such a method involves both writer and reader in some effort. It is like an assembly kit from which we are invited to put

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together our own version of the story from the materials supplied by the author.

Personally, I enjoyed doing this and I wanted to argue with Mr. Swados about his own characters – a sure sign that they had ceased to be his own and made the crossing from writer to reader at which all imaginative literature begins. I disagreed particularly with Mr. Swados about Raymond, whose withdrawal from life is obscurely motivated – modern extinction weapons come into it, particularly as he has exceptional physical strength and is afraid of hurting people accidentally, but so too does his sense of an obligation to his father and uncle. There is a steady background hum of allegory here, as in much of the book, and the distance between background and foreground is not as steadily maintained as in the portraits of Ralph and Mel. Mr. Swados doesn't, in fact, seem to me to have decided where the essential interest of Ray's character really lies. And this uncertainty is brought out by the non-credible coincidence which finally jolts Ray forward into life. Mr. Swados feels strongly about Ray, but (perhaps?) has not succeeded in pinning down exactly *what* he feels; in the passages describing him, the language tends to slide into a kind of unguent over-ripeness, foreign to the harshly authoritative tone of the rest of the book.

> "He had her by the waist, holding her close to him, so close that the pulse was no longer at her fingertips, but beating against her breasts. She looked up, as he had predicted and commanded, and was surprised at how well she already knew his features. His lips were red as raspberries in the wild thicket of untrimmed beard; between them his small teeth, hard and white like his body, gleamed as his flesh gleamed between his oddments of clothing. Through the length of her body she could feel the tension of this obdurate youth who had said no to a bad world and set himself to await a better one, staring down at her from his high sanctuary; he was the same boy who yearned for her."

The story is resolved in a way that places the book squarely in the Victor-

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ian line of descent. All the characters gather, a *dénouement* is produced out of a hat, and the shock launches the three brothers into the future, their conflicts resolved and their decisions made. The curtain falls on the musings of the old physician, father-figure and commentator, busy in the plot to the end. This kind of rounded-off, stage-managed conclusion would seem artificial in a slighter book. But Mr. Swados, after so many chapters of Dickensian energy, has earned the right to a Dickensian ending.

Fitzgerald in his Letters

by Robert Sklar

Scott Fitzgerald was the first among the young, post-World War I novelists to make a big success and he was the least able to cope with it. When Scribners accepted *This Side of Paradise* in

The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald
edited by Andrew Turnbull
(Scribners; $10)

September, 1919, the jubilant author, not yet twenty-three, in a playful letter to a college girl acquaintance, described himself: "Always bored, often drunk, doing no penance for my faults – rather do I become more tolerant of myself from day to day, hardening my crystal heart with blasphemous humor and shunning only toothpicks, pathos, and poverty as being the three unforgivable things in life."

Much of Fitzgerald's energy was spent thereafter trying to correct false estimations of his work. His financial needs, which play a large part in these letters collected by Mr. Turnbull, forced him to write what he himself called "trash" love stories for the *Saturday Evening Post*. His readers were unprepared for the subtle styles and complex themes of *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is The Night*. Through the last decade of his life, money worries, his wife's illness and his own, his heart-breaking attempts at a comeback in Hollywood, constrained him in molds which were self-defeating. Writing in 1939 to Kenneth Littauer, an editor of *Colliers*, Fitzgerald said:

> ". . . it isn't particularly likely that I'll write a great many more stories about young love. I was tagged with that by my first writings up to 1925. Since then I have written stories about young love. They have been done with increasing difficulty and increasingly insincerity. I would either be a miracle man or a hack if I could go on turning out an identical product for three decades. . . . Nevertheless, an overwhelming number of editors continue to associate me with an absorbing interest in young girls – an interest that at my age would probably land me behind bars."

The next year he wrote Arnold Gingrich, editor of *Esquire*, asking to have one of his stories published under a pseudonym. "I'm awfully tired of being Scott Fitzgerald anyhow, as there does not seem to be so much money in it, and I'd like to find out if people read me just because I am Scott Fitzgerald, or, what is more likely, don't read me for the same reason."

From the first, the difficulty lay in knowing who Scott Fitzgerald was. He appears in these letters as a virtuoso actor playing slightly varied roles: author to daughter, author to wife, author to editor, author to critic, author to fellow-author, and so on. "I will give you now the Fitz touch," he wrote Edmund Wilson in 1924, "without which this letter would fail to conform to your conception of my character." Part of the sadness and part of the humor of these letters lies in Fitzgerald's lighthearted, often uncertain, but occasionally objective presentation of himself to others.

But their real value comes from their revelation of how Fitzgerald developed, in the midst of his personal tragedy and despite a reputation which led to misleading valuations of his work, a firm standard on which to judge the qualities of his life and of his art. For readers who believe, as I do, that *Tender Is The Night* is one of the great novels written in America in the past 50 years – deeper in its characterizations, more penetrating in its depiction of our national life, and therefore, compared to the left-wing fiction of its time, even more radical – the similarities between the themes of the novel, and of Fitzgerald's concurrent self-estimation, will be most important.

It was the elements that led in the novel to Dick Diver's downfall – self-indulgence, aversion to work, escape from reason into feeling, and finally the decay of manners – that Fitzgerald, creating them in his art, fought against in his own person. The artistic endeavor demanded all the virtues of a good life. Reason, will, struggle, effort, work, judgment, order: these are his catchwords. "My generation of radicals and breakers-down," he wrote his daughter, "never found anything to take the place of the old virtues of work and courage and the old graces of courtesy and politeness."

And again, from Hollywood, with little more than a year to live: "I am not a great man, but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my

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talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur."

Mr. Turnbull prints a letter from Fitzgerald to an anonymous married woman with whom he had an affair in the summer of 1935: "We can't just let our worlds crash around us like a lot of dropped trays." "The luxuriance of your emotions under the strict discipline which you habitually impose upon them makes that tensity in you that is the secret of all charm. . . ." How characteristic of Fitzgerald: the ethical injunctions, the need for order, in a milieu suggestive of elegance and pleasure. To readers of Fitzgerald it seems so familiar – and, indeed, it is. After writing this letter Fitzgerald marked several passages to be copied by his secretary. They may be found in *The Crack-Up*, published almost twenty years ago, under the heading "Observations."

His charm, his quick moods, his brashness and his meekness, his generosity, his frequent shrewd literary judgments, are always on the surface. So are elements of his character which are less well-known: a sense of history, radicalism amounting for a time to a belief in Marxism, but linked with middle-class standards of morality and success.

Mr. Turnbull gives no explanation for arranging the letters by recipient, though there is a hint of symphonic motifs at play: gentle fatherhood, strains of elegiac intimacy, fast-paced tones of business and career, stormy friendships, and so on. How much better it would have been to present them chronologically. The gaps, the necessary leaps, the unclarified relations, the flickering succession of contexts, are too wearying for anyone who wants to read the letters through. The eighteen pages of letters to Hemingway will be dog-eared before many of the other letters are read.

We can always turn to Mr. Turnbull's biography of Fitzgerald to relieve our confusion. But there we find little about the literary qualities of Fitzgerald's fiction, and for any writer so consciously dedicated to artistry as Fitzgerald became, one whose achievements in his art contrast so to the many defeats of his life, it is the work – *The Great Gatsby, Tender Is the Night,* and a handful of stories – which will always be of primary concern.

Something New

by R. W. Flint

Most poets attempt one or two long poems which don't often get anthologized because editors automatically lean on the prejudice for short lyrics, and also because most modern long poems, like Eliot's *Quartets*, Pound's *Cantos* or Williams' *Paterson*, are collections of short lyrics embedded in connective tissue, or else, like some of Stevens' very long lyrics of varying intensity.

Gunsight
by Theodore Weiss
(New York University; $1.45)

Frost is the only major American exception since Robinson. What Poe wrote on the subject still has a terrible logic. People may not bore more easily today than in Poe's time, but they look for their boredom elsewhere. They think poetry should at least *look* intense, like a high bred show-dog, as it sits on the page.

Theodore Weiss, the experienced editor of *The Quarterly Review of Literature* and author of two earlier books of verse, *The Catch* (1951) and *Outlanders* (1960), was clearly well aware of all this when he wrote *Gunsight*, the most ingenious and, to my mind, the best long American poem since *Paterson*. In his earlier work, Mr. Weiss showed an opulence of sensibility and language straining, still more or less plotlessly, at fairly conventional forms. "Still it is brute magnificence/ we desire, that drowsy girl, a bait/ to hook the rutting heavens."

On the page, *Gunsight* looks like a uniform series of beat-Poundian ejaculations in the Charles Olson manner, without obvious clues. Different voices in matching type-faces sing in various keys, shout, or offer brief visionary flashes, some in italics, some in parentheses. Bits of jazz rhythm, snatches of childlore, blocks of elegant formal versification. A canny reader soon realizes that no true beat would leave himself as defenseless as this. There must be, as indeed there is, a new principle of cohesion here well outside the best philosophy of composition. The most highbrow of the beats, Robert Duncan, writes chiefly about the act of writing; his poetry is a set of florid gestures affirming the poetic stance. *Gunsight* is another story entirely. The speaker is a soldier who has fought in Italy, been wounded and sent home in a troopship to have his leg amputated. As the poem opens, he is going under ether and beginning to relive the crucial moments of his life from early boyhood through love to marriage and war. Voices return contrapuntally, the fabric of association is as rich and thick as the poet can make it, some help is provided by the typography, but essentially the poem must be read at least twice before its outlines grow clear. Event is linked to event by an emblematic tissue of natural imagery – birds, roses, a boyhood hill where raspberries grew, snow, the sea – in a subtle adaptation of Whitman's technique in *When Lilacs Last.*

In other words, the poem aims to be

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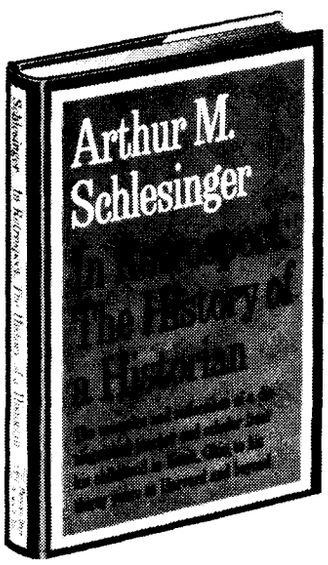
"If I were to be given the opportunity of living my life anew, I hope that without benefit of hindsight I would have the wisdom to choose again the career of historian."



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as generic and "classical" as *The Red Badge of Courage*, as clearly drawn a poetic action as the Crane is a moral action. It adapts the "beat" idiom descended from Pound and Williams to a classicizing monumentality much as Seurat and Puvis de Chavannes adapted Impressionist techniques. The *tesserae* of this handsome mosaic are indeed colorful for the most part. The grand outline encourages a pungency, candor, and, sometimes, a compression lacking in earlier Weiss. But it would be wrong to praise the poem chiefly for this, as if it were merely a stage on the way to eventual beathood and the "crazy" freedoms of a Corso. Its strongest movement is toward the center rather than the edges of experience; it revives the pure pleasures of composition. The last few pages, where the speaker encounters the ghosts of his parents, are a shade too rhetorical; perhaps a concession to the conventional strong ending. The poem's intricate circularity doesn't really need it.

I recommend *Gunsight* to anyone still looking for the long breath and the full-blooded particularity that only a good long poem can provide.

FILMS

Funny Ha-Ha and Funny Peculiar

If you have been wondering whether Stanley Kramer, the director of *Judgment at Nuremberg* and other weighty works, has a lighter side, the question is now answered. He hasn't. He would like to have; he recognizes that those who grapple with grave matters must relax. So he has made a slapstick comedy; and with the delicacy and sense of proportion that characterize everything he touches, he has made a three-hour-and-fourteen-minute slapstick comedy, with 12 principal stars, 35 "alphabetical order" players (several of whom are stars themselves), and Jimmy Durante. The title, terse as the rest of it, is *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World.*

It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (United Artists)
Muriel (Lopert)

The formula is simple. Currycomb old, silent one-reel and two-reel comedies for slapstick gags. Then use an expansible plot that will allow you to stuff in as many gags as you like. The story is about some groups of people trying to beat one another to a place where money is buried. If you want a 90-minute picture, use two groups of competitors and 50 gags; a two-hour picture, three groups and 75 gags; an so on.

The competitors are, to begin with, some passing motorists who have stopped to assist a crook (Durante) whose car has crashed in an attempted getaway. He mumbles something about $350,000, with a couple of clues, then kicks the bucket (which he does literally – one of the better gags). The motorists soon become rivals, and the picture tells of their efforts, in one day, to hustle down to the cache of cash in southern California. They are, principally, Milton Berle, Ethel Merman, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, Mickey Rooney, and (the best of the lot) Jonathan Winters, joined subsequently by Phil Silvers and Terry-Thomas. Spencer Tracy is an old detective who keeps track of them all by reports from helicopters and patrol cars.

There would not be room on a full page to list all the physical gags: pratfalls, car crashes and near-crashes, explosions, men flying through walls and leaving their outlines, fires, runaway airplanes, collapsing buildings. I can summarize by saying: (a) the only gags that, offhand, I could find missing were the sneezing powder and the custard pie; (b) the real stars are the trick drivers and the stunt men.

Kramer, as usual, has tried his best. He has scrupulously studied intercutting, to heighten and prolong suspense; reaction shots; and the orthodox build-up and pay-off. (The three basic rules

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of sight gags: show them what's going to happen, show it happening, show them that it happened.) Yet, because the film is so long and because Cinerama slapstick is not amplification but elephantiasis, the result is heavy and engorging. (The Cinerama, incidentally, is the new one-camera kind. There is no division into three panels, as before, but the two sides still curve toward you unless you are sitting dead center.)

Besides, Kramer has an imperfect sense of comedy. Else he would have seen that Caesar, whose nervousness and poor memory were always a hindrance to him on TV, now seems to have that nervous blurriness ingrained in his technique; that Edie Adams is phenomenally ungifted in every way; that Ethel Merman's bad acting and "dead" eyes – which were secondary when she was a brassy song-belter – are now all she has left; that Phil Silvers contents himself these days with reminding us of Sergeant Bilko. Above all, Kramer would have seen that the one indispensable element for slapstick is the belief that it is the absolute height of what you might possibly be doing with your life, the pinnacle, that the only spirit in which it can work is the mingled one of intense, childish craftiness and innocence. Any hint of the egghead on a lark is fatal.

Still, in three hours and fourteen minutes that labor to amuse, there must be occasional hits. Two examples. Sid Caesar has chartered a 1916 biplane in a desperate try to beat the others. As it putt-putts through the sky, he looks down at the highway below and sees that cars going his way are racing past him. Buster Keaton, in a brief appearance as the owner of a boat, has a short pantomime bit when autos driving in and out of his dock confuse him. As this master knows so well how to do, Keaton tells us by his starts and stops and final subsiding what he is thinking. I'll certainly remember that minute ahead of the other 193.

Alain Resnais, the director of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and *Last Year at Marienbad*, has followed them with *Muriel*. *Hiroshima* is a film that diminishes in retrospect; *Marienbad*, outside of the *brio* of its psychological delving, has not so far to diminish. His new film lacks the extreme methods of the latter but has some of the dramatic oppositions of the former. But Resnais seemingly has run out of any organic new technique, and, stuck with a reasonably logical story, has impasted on it illogical editing, extraneous symbolism, inexplicable inserts, and overlapping sound-tracks in order to hold his franchise in the avant-garde.

The story concerns a mature woman (the handsome Delphine Seyrig) who keeps both an antique shop and an irresolute son in Boulogne. She is visited by an old ex-lover who is accompanied by a "niece," complete with quotation marks. The woman's son has a girlfriend, but he is haunted by the memory of another girl named Muriel, a victim of the Algerian war in which he served. A counterpoint (touched by possible deceptions of memory) between the son's love, blighted by one

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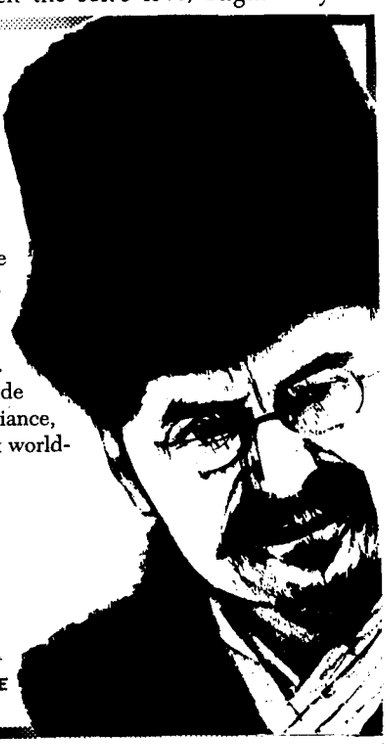

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war, and the mother's, blighted by an earlier one, might have had some lyrical result; but the affected apparatus of the film makes that impossible and leaves us chiefly with irritation. I gladly relinquish my share in any debate that this film may stir up. Life is too short, and art, as against artiness, too engrossing.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THEATER

The Playwright as Impersonator

The Ballad of the Sad Café
by Carson McCullers, adapted to the stage by Edward Albee
(Martin Beck Theater)

In White America
by Martin B. Duberman
(Sheridan Square Playhouse)

Edward Albee's artistic identity has always been highly uncertain, but he has hitherto managed to exercise his substantial gifts for artistic impersonation. Lacking a developed style or a compelling subject, he elected to model himself on the more spectacular modern dramatists – and his impressions of Genêt (*The Zoo Story*), Williams (*Bessie Smith*), and Ionesco (*The American Dream*) were, for the most part, very expert. By the time of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, Albee's gifts for mimicry were so advanced, and his models (Strindberg and O'Neill) so elevated, that he produced an ersatz masterpiece – masterly in its execution, ersatz at its core. And I was even persuaded, for a time, that Albee would soon speak in a firm personal voice. I was mistaken. His latest play shows him still to be imitating – and imitating now an inferior writer. In *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, even Mr. Albee's capacity for impersonation seems to have failed him; and the result is a trivial and a tedious play.

A question springs to mind: why, when he has all the great artistic roles to choose from, does Albee now decide to play the part of Carson McCullers? Miss McCullers' Gothic stories were modish twenty years ago, but, since they were so obviously written for female readers, they eventually found their proper level among the pages of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. For beneath her bizarre costuming, Miss McCullers wears the girdle of the genteel lady novelist – Charlotte Brontë gone sour on too many chitlins and grits. Mr. Albee's new play also belongs in the women's magazines, but whereas Miss McCuller's novella, at least, is partially redeemed by a suggestive style and a penumbral atmosphere, the playwright's adaptation is unredeemed and unredeemable. *The Ballad of The Sad Café* is a mannerist play without the slightest hint of manner; a work in the Southern decadent tradition by a writer who apparently, has never set foot in the South.

Consider Mr. Albee's crude way with Southern diction. His dialogue – by contrast with which O'Neill's New England speech seems like a miracle of eloquence – is almost indistinguishable from Basic English. "Cousin Lymon go," mumbles the heroine, "I be all alone." As for me, I be totally unable to grasp the principle behind the author's use of the verb *to be*, which is invariably either omitted from the sentence ("Timber good to have") or left uninflected ("I be partial to collards if they be cooked with sausage") – this is the kind of underwater language one expects to see bubbling from the lips of skin-divers. Mr. Albee's other idea about regional speech is that country folk repeat everything six or seven times, a verbal defect which may not be limited to the rural districts, since Albee's urban narrator is similarly afflicted. This narrator – whose single function is to provide the information which the author has been too lazy to dramatize – is an educated chorus with all his parts of speech in place; but he drones on so interminably with such a gaseous spill of rhetoric that the play gives the impression of being both under- and over-written, of being too long and too short.

This impression is confirmed by the plot. Concerned with a conventional love triangle – husband, lover, wife – it tries to rescue itself from utter banality by offering us a trio of grotesques. The husband is an ex-convict, who loves and marries a bull dyke, who hates him but loves a dwarf, who in turn adores the husband. "The most outlandish people," gargles the narrator, "can be the stimulus for love." I suppose this is true enough, but their outlandishness

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DISSENT
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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Philip M. Stern *is the author of a forthcoming book,* The Great Treasury Raid. Enzo Forcella *is a correspondent of* Il Giorno. Michael Novak *is in Rome observing the proceedings of the Second Vatican Council.* Robert Sklar *is a tutor of American history and literature at Harvard.* R. W. Flint *is a veteran critic of American letters.*

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does not make them any the less shallow than heterosexual stage lovers; and since Albee neglects to motivate this tripartite romance, or to dramatize the emotions of love and hatred, they are not even very credible. The situation is merely asserted, and, thus, provides barely enough material for a one-act play. The author proceeds to pad this skeleton with a bunch of stereotyped neighbors clacking their tongues, with a series of bewildering flashbacks within flashbacks, with the endless babbling of the narrator, and with a climactic wrestling match in which the husband and the wife – greased for combat – struggle for possession of the dwarf. The husband is victorious and leaves town while the wife withdraws into the dusty sanctuary of her house – a moment, I assume, designed to be pathetic but which, because of my unfamiliarity with dwarf-loving lesbians, was rather lost on me.

This uninspired material has been justly served with a monotonous and commonplace production. Alan Schneider, always an up-and-down director, is in a declension at present, contributing little more to the evening than flat-footed pacing, hollow sound and fury, and cardboard characterizations (to cast Jenny Egan and Enid Markey as two Myrt-and-Marge neighbors is to heap clichés on platitudes). As for the rest of the acting, it is generally superficial. Michael Dunn, a dwarf, fills the physical dimensions of his role, and acts well besides; since he is a rather delicate creature, one attends to him with interest. But Colleen Dewhurst, as the mannish wife, is too cumbrous and lumpish; Lou Antonio, playing the husband as a cross between L'il Abner and The American Dream, speaks too many lines with food in his mouth; Roscoe Lee Browne, as the windy narrator, is defeated by an abstract role with no handle; and William Prince, in a weak superfluous part, gives another of his weak superfluous performances. Ben Edwards' grimy interior-exterior setting seems designed for a more Ingian play than I think Albee intended; but then I shouldn't presume to read the author's intentions when he has failed to realize them himself. Whatever talent Albee displayed in previous work is grievously absent here, for this sad and sorry ballad possesses neither music, humor, bite, nor form. If the author wants to talk – God save the mark! – about unnatural love, then I suggest he find a less quavering voice than that of Carson McCullers; but if unnatural love is all he wants to talk about, then I suppose any voice will do. At that level of sound, all voices fade into one shrill chorus of self-pitying squeaks.

In White America is composed of historical documents, skillfully arranged for reading by Martin B. Duberman, which trace the development of American race relations from 1788 to the present. These fascinating documents expose the extent of our cruelty toward the Negro in the South and the North, under slavery and emancipation, among Ku Kluxers and Presidents, adding up to a vigorous indictment of American shame, deceit, and hypocrisy on the whole question of race. Though the tone of the evening is a little too relentlessly righteous, it is also moving and electric. And though some of the actors indulge a weakness for caricature, they are more usually firm and authoritative, especially a forceful Negress named Gloria Foster, who looks like Anne Bancroft but who has deeper emotional resources. Staged readings impress me less than staged dramas, and documentaries are never as revealing as art. But in a time of drought, even a drop of water is welcome; and I recommend this refreshing little rivulet to those in a state of parch.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Enforcing Civil Rights

Sirs:

There is a serious omission in both your lead editorial of October 26, 1963, "Enforcing Civil Rights" and the report from Selma, Alabama, by Howard Zinn on which the editorial was based. The omission distorts your discussion of the federal government's power and efforts to protect constitutional rights and it deserves to be brought to the attention of your readers.

Mr. Zinn related that Negroes seeking to register to vote in Selma on October 7 were harassed and intimidated by the Dallas County sheriff and his deputies, while federal representatives stood by and did nothing. Your editorial likewise concluded that the Department of Justice and the FBI were impotent except that "perhaps at some distant date . . . the Attorney General will bring a case against one or more of the officials who violated the law." There is no "perhaps" about the situation.

We believe there has indeed been unlawful harassment of Negro registration applicants in Dallas County (Selma). As your editorial acknowledges, the remedy for such conduct is to bring suit in federal court. The fact, overlooked altogether by Mr. Zinn, is that the Department has two voting rights suits pending in Selma, both of which were filed well before the events Mr. Zinn described:

1. On June 27, 1963, the Department sued the Dallas County sheriff and other county officials. In this action, we asked for federal court orders forbidding continued intimidation of Negro voters, including misuse of the state criminal process. We have pressed for prompt action in this suit and continue of the events cited by Mr. Zinn were presented to the court as additional evidence of the need for such court orders.

Plainly, the purpose of this suit is to do everything we can to prevent such occurrences. They are fully of as much concern to us, and I am sure, to most citizens, as they are to Mr. Zinn.

2. Your editorial questions whether such suits are effective. We have found that for the most part they are. For example, the first voting suit filed by this Administration was brought against Dallas County on April 13, 1961. It sought an injunction against systematic discrimination against Negro registra-

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tion applicants. We were denied the injunction by the District Court, but after our appeal, the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit has ordered that such an injunction be issued. While this order has not yet been executed, there can be little question that accelerated Negro registration application dates from the filing of the Department suit and we expect Negro registration to accelerate further once the injunction is issued. If it should not be, this would be a matter for further concern (as expressed in Government actions in counties where Negroes are being registered, but with unreasonable delay).

3. There is the related question of whether police conduct in Selma on October 7 violated the federal police brutality statute, as well as the voting laws. Mr. Zinn's suggestions notwithstanding, there can be no summary action under this statute and due process must be followed whatever one's sympathies. Prosecution requires facts concerning the alleged improper conduct, identification of who committed it, and a showing that such conduct was wilful. The Department has been investigating these facts since the incident occurred.

In short, the implication that the federal government was and is unable, unwilling or slow to take action in such instances as Selma is inaccurate. To discuss a national police force or some other such extreme alternative compounds the inaccuracy. No one pretends that the course of litigation under existing statutes is easy. It is not, and we have asked Congress for additional authority to expedite voting cases. But litigation can be effective and the Department of Justice continues to work as hard as it can to make it so, in Selma and throughout the South.

Burke Marshall
Assistant Attorney General
Civil Rights Division

Bombs in Orbit

Sirs:

"License they mean when they cry liberty; For who loves that, must first be wise and good. . . ."

Since Raymond D. Senter's totally inaccurate suggestion that I oppose a ban on weapons in orbit ("Banning Bombs in Orbit," October 5) left me speechless, I could only recall Milton's response to his detractors three centuries ago.

Without reciting all the errors in Mr. Senter's grotesque portrayal of my recent contribution to *The Atlantic* as part of an alleged Air Force conspiracy, may I at least set the record straight on two basic facts which he misrepresented.

1. The *Atlantic* article and every other statement I have made on the subject have ardently *supported* the goal of space arms control. A full reading of my essay will show that in fact it was devoted to the question of how we might maximize chances for a suitable ban on orbital weapons. (For example, the concluding section of my *Atlantic* contribution begins: "There is a strong American consensus in support of the basic elements of national space policy. The world will be a much safer place if we can succeed in maintaining space as a sanctuary for purely peaceful activities.")

2. My contribution to *The Atlantic* was a private manuscript which I wrote as Congressional Fellow of the American Political Science Association before I joined the RAND Corporation. Neither RAND nor the Air Force knew of it prior to publication. It is absurd to imply that I published the article as part of an Air Force propaganda campaign. (Incidentally, although Mr. Senter's ill-founded assumption that RAND staff members are Air Force lackeys deserves no rebuttal, my own professional and personal ties have been closer to NASA than to the Pentagon.)

The real difference between us seems to be that I am more concerned about the dangers which may emerge from space technology *in the absence of adequate arms control.* Mr. Senter appears confident that space weapons will not become a threat.

Although I find it necessary to discuss technological projections in more subjunctive language than Mr. Senter uses, I respect his position and would have welcomed a statement of it. But his at-

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tempt to discern a malicious plot among those whose emphases differ from his own, compounded by his attribution to me of a position I have never held, does grave injustice to all who esteem *The New Republic.*

Surely reasonable men can discuss complex issues without caricaturing the views or impugning the motives of other commentators.

Alton Frye
RAND Corporation

In reply:

The question of whether Dr. Frye does or does not oppose a ban on weapons in orbit was not specifically discussed in the article to which he refers, but since he raises the question I have serious doubts over his basic thesis that the best way to achieve this goal is for the US to develop orbital weapons with nuclear warheads.

Dr. Frye is welcome to minimize the existing threat from Soviet ICBM's and Polaris-type submarines which today could devastate the US and instead to worry about the unlikely prospect of a Soviet military threat from space. However, when he tells readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* that the US is "abstaining from serious research on space weapons" and "from substantial research on the military uses of space," he disregards statements to the contrary made early this year in Congressional testimony by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and his chief scientist, Dr. Harold Brown. They reported, in publicly released testimony, that the $1,700 million which the US is spending annually for military space programs includes development of a ground-based anti-satellite missile system and a powerful new rocket booster, the Titan III, which could place a warhead in orbit if ever needed.

RAYMOND D. SENTER

Inheritance Taxes – Capital Gains

Sirs:

I note an inadvertent error in your issue of October 26, in which it is stated that the tax bill now before Congress "exempts unrealized capital gains from estate taxes," and that "this means that if you buy stock for $1,000 and leave it to your children, they pay inheritance taxes on only $1,000, even though the stock may be worth $2,000 when they acquire it."

In fact, the bill makes no change in the present law, which, in the case you put, requires the payment of inheritance taxes on $2,000, but, upon the sale of such stock for that amount, does not require the payment of a capital gains tax on the thousand dollar gain involved, which would have been payable if the sale had been made by the decedent. This is in accordance with the present tax law which the Administration has recommended changing.

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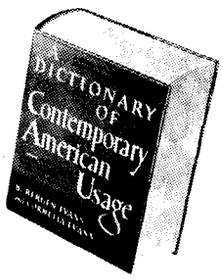

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